

SPENSER

Poetry & Prose

Edited by

W. L. RENWICK



OXFORD

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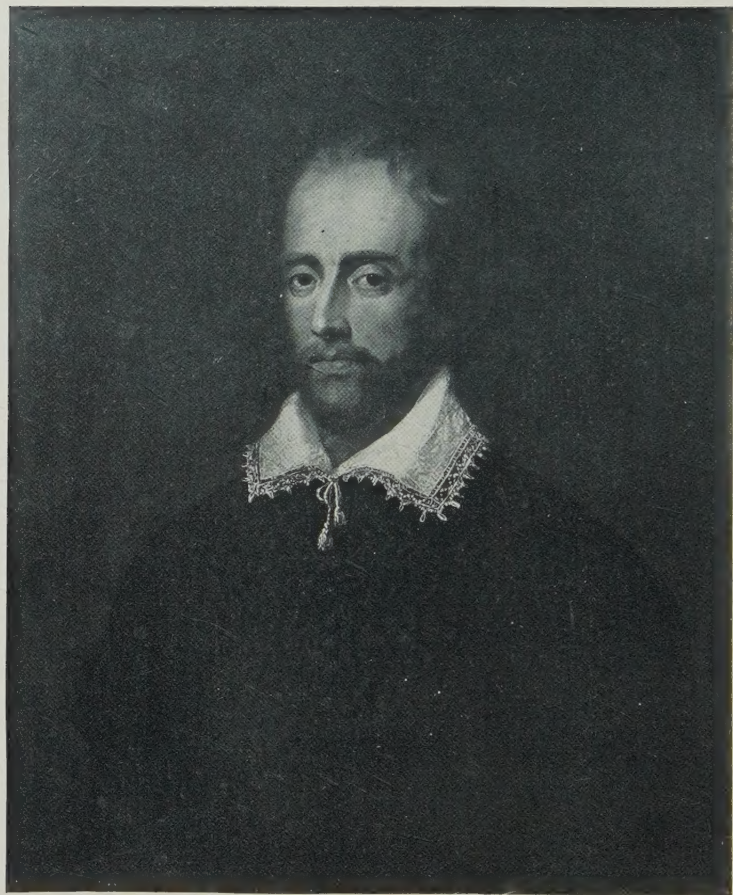
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EDMUND SPENSER

SPENSER

Selections

With Essays by

HAZLITT COLERIDGE

& LEIGH HUNT

With an Introduction and Notes by

W. L. RENWICK

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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INTRODUCTION

AN ambitious young poet of the fifteen-sixties and seventies, seeking guidance in his art, would find little to his purpose in the English poetry of his own century. The only notable work—Sackville's solemn Induction in a mediaeval survival, the *Myrrour for Magistrates*, and the *Songes and Sonettes* which represent the lyrical energy and the sporadic culture of the noisy, showy court of Henry VIII—was dwarfed, as earlier poets also were dwarfed, by the great figure of Chaucer, the only personality clearly expressed in poetry before the Renaissance. Every age has its own way of reading as well as of writing, and the Chaucer studied by the serious undergraduate Spenser was not the humorist whose naïve and genial common sense endeared him to the mature Dryden a century later. Where Dryden hailed a kindred spirit, Spenser sat at the feet of a master, the one indubitable master in English poetry. For in contrast to a Skelton or a Wyatt, there was nothing tentative or experimental in Chaucer's work; he moved with the ease of strength and confidence, with that secure grace we call style, in which the earlier sixteenth century was most conspicuously lacking. Style, again, was the peculiar virtue of that other master, Virgil, taught as a cult by the humanists in school and university. To be the Chaucer of his day was the natural ambition of the young Englishman, to be its Virgil the natural ambition of the young scholar.

The academic teachers who fostered the ambition showed him also the way to satisfy it. For them, students of style above all things, the chief method in learning and the main interest in their own neo-Latin literature was imitation. To write prose like Cicero's, verse like Virgil's, was the ideal that

animated them ; Greece and Rome had produced the great masters of poetry, by following in whose footsteps great poetry could still be written. It is the doctrine also of *La Deffence et Illustration de la Langue Françoise*, the clearest parallel to, and probably a main source of Spenser's artistic theories, published thirty years before *The Shepheardes Calender* by Joachim du Bellay, whom Spenser translated and praised as the

first garland of free Poesie
That France brought forth.

But du Bellay and his friend Ronsard, and after them Spenser, interpreted 'imitatio' freely. Recognizing the pre-eminence of Greeks and Romans, they did not despise the good poets of the modern tongues, and regarded themselves as apprentices, not as copyists, not as slaves to a tradition, as if the knowledge and art of poetry had been lost when the Empire fell, but as heirs and successors, entering into an inheritance to enjoy it, to make of what the past had achieved a foundation upon which to build new monuments of poetry in the new tongues. Thus Spenser's poems are full of echoes—reminiscences, allusions, direct quotations and translations—of all the poets from Homer to du Bartas ; and it is well to realize, what a century of 'romantic' criticism has obscured, that this was deliberate. Spenser was 'the new poet', but he was twenty-seven years of age, in a time when men grew rapidly, and Master of Arts, when *The Shepheardes Calender* was published. He was adventuring—the presence of E. K.'s gloss shows how self-consciously,—but the new poetry was based on the old and on the practice of the best moderns, and it was adorned with jewels gathered from far and near.

From his studies in ancient and modern poetry, unhampered by any thought of the possible incompatibility of varying fashions and tempers, Spenser gained a vast body of poetic material ; his academic training in the more or less systematic

criticism of commentators, rhetoricians, and theorists gave him a method of handling that material more secure, more reasoned, than native instinct could provide. Whatever his success or failure, Spenser knew what he wished to do, and had at least some notion of how it ought to be done and of how he proposed to do it: his lost critical treatise, *The English Poet*, was written before *The Shepheardes Calender* was published. Not that theorists and rhetoricians solved all his problems; much labour went in experiment until he had worked out a medium of verse and language, and still more labour in the acquisition of the technical skill required to exploit that medium. Spenser could feel that Chaucer had a master's control over language and metre, but the language was not Spenser's, and English metres, apart from a few lyrical forms kept alive by music, were defaced and dulled by the incompetence of generations. Chaucer gave him the foundations of his verse, the habit of the rhymed stanza and the compromise between the accentual system of England and the syllabic system of France; experiments in classical quantity taught him the weight and balance of syllables; from the Italians he learned the values of vowels in sequence, from the French, the charm of such gay and various measures as the *April* song in *The Shepheardes Calender*. Ronsard and du Bellay, again—and his schoolmaster, Richard Mulcaster, might claim at least some part of the credit—freed him from the purism which humanists like Sir John Cheke and Roger Ascham, the dominant group in English education and especially in Cambridge, had carried over from their Ciceronian Latin into English. The Frenchmen taught him that the poet is free to make and borrow as he pleases, subject only to the judgement of his trained ear, and under their guidance he exploited all the resources of the untried and untempered English of his day, gathering fine and significant terms from the older literature, from those dialects which retained some strength and savour of their own, from arts and crafts and all

branches of learning, devising as he required them new terms by analogy with existing forms, and, though more rarely than is sometimes supposed, adopting foreign words he coveted for English. This was an artistic, not a scientific procedure ; it was controlled, not by a theory of language, but by the artistic principle of 'decorum'. Style and language vary with the subject and are coloured by its associations, growing elaborate and fanciful in the Tale of the Butterfly, 'rude and rustical' among the shepherds, and ancient in romantic episodes borrowed from Malory or Chaucer. They are the style and language of a sensitive artist who was also learned in his art.

A noble and flexible style, and a rich language for its medium, were required for the fulfilment of Spenser's ambition. His purpose is avowed by his friend and commentator E. K.: *The Shepheardes Calender* is only a first flight ; after the *Bucolics*, the *Aeneid*. The accomplishment is claimed, with a kind of magnificent arrogance, by the Virgilian reminiscence with which he introduces *The Faerie Queene* : 'Lo I the man' —*Ille ego* ; the inference is plain. It was no accident that made Spenser a heroic poet, but the conscious purpose of a life. Rather we might say, the conscious purpose of his time, and a duty he owed to his native land and his native tongue. Virgil had raised for his Latin the trophy of a great heroic poem, Ariosto for Tuscan ; Ronsard had attempted it for French : Spenser must attempt it for English. In so doing he could follow both the classical and the native masters. No theory of the evolution of Epic removed Homer into another world ; Virgil was an ancestor ; Ronsard could still describe his *Franciade* as 'a romance like the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*'. Du Bellay had called upon the French poets to 'choose me some one of those fine old French romances, as a *Lancelot*, a *Tristan*, or suchlike, and bring into the world once again an admirable *Iliad* and laborious *Aeneid*'. Ronsard quoted Homer, 'who, coming across some old tale of his day about the fair Helen and the army of the Greeks at Troy, as we do tales

of Lancelot, Tristan, Gawain and Arthur, founded thereon his *Iliad*, and Virgil, who built up his *Aeneid* on 'the common fame, that a certain Trojan called Aeneas, sung by Homer, came to the Lavinian shores'. The same scheme is present in them all : a national tradition of old date was to be treated on the great scale and in a high style, reflecting also on their own time and on the history and the glory of the reigning house, Augustus Caesar, the house of Este, of Valois, 'the most excellent and glorious person of our souveraine the Queene'. Spenser's attempt to combine the virtues of romance and epic was thus shaped, in both matter and conduct, by critical theory. Ariosto's great poem was notoriously loose in construction and only half serious in conception ; Ronsard's *Franciade* showed, on the other hand, how excessive devotion to classical formulas could kill the free heroic spirit that flourished in *Orlando Furioso*. Spenser would overgo both. Italian critics of Ariosto distinguished romance and epic by this criterion, that epic treats of a single adventure of a single hero, romance of the various adventures of many heroes ; in *The Faerie Queene* each book contains its own hero and the exploit he takes upon him, and the whole poem is the history of the search for Gloriana by the single, the epic hero, Prince Arthur.

But while he looked abroad and to the past for his artistic theories and models, Spenser's very serious and thoughtful message was for England and his contemporaries. To embody, and preach with all the didactic fervour of his time, the ideal of the Renaissance, to gather into one great poem all the various strands of the complex civilization he represented, was a task greater than either Virgil's or Chaucer's. The Roman virtue was clear and decisive, and while it is the glory of Chaucer that he comprised all the categories into which the legal bias of the Middle Ages has divided the world, and all the variety of literature which this division had created, they appear in *The Canterbury Tales* as so many strata, side by side,

but each unaffected by the others. The Knight, the Parson, the Clerk of Oxford, stand for so many different ideals; in the ideal of Renaissance knighthood—Philip Sidney proverbially its exemplar—these three are fused together. The combination in *The Faerie Queene* of the diversity and excitement of the romances with the scholarly dignity of the epic is typical of the synthesis in the Renaissance mind of the chivalric ideal of life with that gathered from the classics—the social ideal that developed equally from *amour courtois* and ‘Platonic’ philosophy; the moral ideals which combined Christian holiness and Aristotelian ‘magnificence’; the political ideals in which were blended the civic virtues of the heroes of Plutarch and the national feeling that made of Queen Elizabeth a symbol to be adored. The theory of a learned poetry, so far from being incompatible with these other aims, was really essential to them. Spenser was an aristocratic poet, but he did not write for an unlettered aristocracy. Learning was part of the ‘vertuous and gentle discipline’ in which the ‘gentleman or noble person’ was to be fashioned, for Learning had issued forth from cloisters and quadrangles to walk in courts with Valour and Courtesy, and gentlemen adventurers sought for knowledge and wisdom as they sought for El Dorado. The old boundaries of thought were destroyed: reason, emotion, and human interest were one again, and so men turned from Scotus and Aquinas to Plato; morality was no longer on one hand a matter of law or of instinct, on the other a subject of unemotional dialectic; social values were not incommensurable with religious, nor religious with political and artistic. So *The Faerie Queene* is a various poem, as the ideal it celebrates was a complex ideal. But it was a single ideal. The contradictions it contains are the contradictions of its time. If some parts appear imperfectly assimilated, that is the unconscious expression of an ideal which attempted to fuse together in a single life the best of learning, ethics, manners, beauty, and emotion, and as the poet appears by turns

Platonist, Epicurean, Aristotelian, but is in reality always a Protestant Christian, so the contradictions are resolved in the whole and superseded in the allegory; and the allegory symbolizes the warfare and victory of the Christian soul in the world.

Allegory seems to have had a special attraction for Spenser. His first published work was a version of allegorical poems by Petrarch and du Bellay, and he was sufficiently interested long afterwards to recast these early translations and to imitate them in an original series. The study of Plato may have helped to develop the taste, but it was strong in the mediaeval poetry Spenser loved, it is endemic in England, and it seems of permanent recurrence in the Christian churches. And it was in the air when Spenser wrote: if *The Faerie Queene* is a gallery of pictures, the volume of *Complaints* is a book of emblems, and one of hundreds. Spenser's mind, at once meditative and imaginative, was sensitive to the appearances and also to the significance of things. He would turn to allegory, since nature and circumstance denied him any share in drama, in order both to wring out for himself and to make evident to others the fullest measure of significance perceptible in the outward shows of the world. There was precedent also for the historical allegory (as distinct from the historical allusions) with which *The Faerie Queene* is complicated. All Spenser's poetry was addressed primarily to an intimate circle of cultured acquaintance, and in such a circle the *roman à clef* is bound to appear. In all probability many of the mediaeval romances contain personal details recognizable to the courts at which they were produced; Sidney's *Arcadia* had a key, and so had the French romances of the *Précieuses*. *The Shepheardes Calender* similarly is full of personal allusions, many of them very obscure to us who are outside the society in which they were written. The same is true of Virgil's *Bucolics*. In *The Faerie Queene* Spenser expressed his political opinions in allegory, not only because of their possible danger to

himself, but because that was the poetical way of doing it. And however faithfully he studied Plato and Aristotle, his politics are those of the England of his day and of the party to which he belonged, just as his philosophy is in the last resort that of the English Church of which he was a member. All his ideas involve balance and organization: the good life is the well-organized life, balanced in its duties toward God and man and self; such a life is possible only in a well-organized and stable community. The lesson was driven home by his experience in Ireland. Spiritual disorder which permits one indulged passion to destroy the individual life, disorganization which allows a fair country to be desolated by robber bands and ignorant mobs—these are the enemies he combats; the virtues he preaches are responsibility and control, in the individual by the self-conscious soul, in the state by a strong government, in both to be acquired by experience and directed by thought.

Compared with that of Shakespeare or Wordsworth, Spenser's poetry may appear bookish, for Spenser loved books. But while it is 'adorned with labour and learning', it is all informed with the 'divine gift and heavenly inspiration'. Learned in many places and from many masters, his verse and style are unmistakably his own. Only a powerfully poetic mind could assimilate the learning which had defeated Ronsard and combine it with the romance which had misled Ariosto, and though the fusion is not always complete, the spirit of Spenser is never overcome. His personality is clear throughout, his individual emotion and his individual mind. The reasons he gives are academic common-places, but it was not a critical theory that first turned his thoughts to the history of King Arthur. The pastoral image expresses desires too personal to him to be wholly borrowed from Virgil or Mantuan. Beauty is something more than a theme for quasi-Platonic declamation; it is a presence and a passion. His heart was in all these things.

Above all, his heart was in poetry. He took poetry early to be his career, and, with the examples of Virgil, Ariosto, and Ronsard before him, hoped, and believed, that worldly advancement would follow from poetic success. There is no false humility about Spenser; he declares his allegiance to Chaucer and Virgil without servility, and intends to overgo Ariosto. But it was on his vocation as poet, above all, that he based his dignity. The Muses were symbolic, but they symbolized something real, and as a gift of God Spenser's art was to be taken very seriously and used to high purpose. Material reward was of least account in his eyes, contemporary praise a small thing. His poetry was a challenge to Greece and Rome, to France and Italy: it was a challenge also to Death and Time. Chaucer, the mediaeval man, accepted the inevitable end:

But al shal passe that men prose or ryme;
Take every man his turn, as for his tyme.

But poetry freed the man of the Renaissance from the Wheel of Change:

Wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye.

It was more than a Horatian commonplace: it was a confession of faith in poetry. In proclaiming this faith Spenser is the leader of the Elizabethan poets who followed his bier to Westminster Abbey, as Camden tells, 'with lamenting elegies, and casting into his grave the pens wherewith they had written them'. By that pride and that faith, no less than by his accomplishment and by the 'vertuous and gentle discipline' of his great poem, by his confidence,—'the conquering mind', in the words of his old schoolmaster, 'such as he must have, which seketh to see his cuntry tung enlarged',—he worthily earned the title of his epitaph,

THE PRINCE OF POETS IN HIS TYME.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

- 1552 (about). Edmund Spenser born in London. Raleigh born.
1554. Philip Sidney born.
1558. Accession of Queen Elizabeth.
1560. Death of Joachim du Bellay.
1564. Shakespeare and Marlowe born.
1569. Spenser leaves Merchant Taylors' School for Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Translations (anonymous) in van der Noodt's *Theatre . . . for Worldlings*.
1573. Takes degree of B.A.
1576. Takes degree of M.A.
1578. Spenser at this time secretary to Dr. John Young, Bishop of Rochester.
1579. In household of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.
The Shepheardes Calender.
1580. Goes to Ireland as secretary to Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy.
Spenser-Harvey Correspondence published by Harvey.
1581. Clerk of Degrees and Recognizances to the Irish Court of Chancery. Takes lease of lands and Abbey of Enniscorthy.
Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata.
- 1583-5. Giordano Bruno in England.
1585. Death of Ronsard.
1586. Death of Sir Philip Sidney.
1588. Spenser Clerk to Council of Munster. Occupies Kilcolman Castle. Death of Earl of Leicester.
1589. Comes to England with Raleigh.
1590. *The Faerie Queene*, I-III.
1591. Returns to Ireland. Receives pension from the Queen.
Complaints (The Ruines of Time; The Teares of the Muses; Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale; The Ruines of Rome, by Bellay; Muiopotmos; Visions of the Worlds vanitie; Bellays visions; Petrarches visions).
1593. Death of Marlowe. Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.
1594. Marries Elizabeth Boyle, June 11th. Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece, Titus Andronicus*.
1595. Comes to England.
Amoretti and Epithalamion. Colin Clout's Come Home Again (dedication dated 27 December 1591) and *Astrophell*.
Death of Tasso.

1596. *The Faerie Queene*, I-VI.
Four Hymnes and Prothalamion.
1597. Returns to Ireland. Death of Burghley. Bacon's *Essays*.
 Shakespeare's *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Romeo and Juliet*.
1598. Spenser Sheriff of Cork. O'Neill's Rebellion. Kilcolman burned
 (October). Comes to London. Shakespeare's *Henry IV*,
Love's Labour's Lost. *The Merchant of Venice* entered on the
 Stationers' Register. Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.
1599. Death of Spenser, Westminster, January 16. Buried Westminster
 Abbey.
1609. Folio edition of *The Faerie Queene*, containing fragments of
 Book VII.
1611. Folio, *Works*.
1633. *A Short View of the Present State of Ireland* (written 1595-7).

WORKS NOT EXTANT, OR INCORPORATED IN OTHERS

Dreames, *Legendes*, *Court of Cupide* (see page 23); *The English Poet*
 (page 43); *Slomber* (i.e. *A Se'night's Slomber*, mentioned by Ponsonby),
Epithalamion Thamesis, *The Dying Pellicane* (page 175); *Stemmata*
Dudleiana, *Nine Comedies* (Spenser-Harvey Correspondence, 1580);
Ecclesiastes, *Canticum Canticorum*, *Hell of Lovers*, *Purgatorie*, *Howers*
of the Lord, *Sacrifice of a Sinner*, *Seven Psalms* (mentioned by Ponsonby,
 the publisher, in his Preface to *Complaints*).



ESSAYS ON SPENSER

From HAZLITT'S Lecture

On Chaucer and Spenser

Lectures on the English Poets, 1818

SPENSER, as well as Chaucer, was engaged in active life ; but the genius of his poetry was not active : it is inspired by the love of ease, and relaxation from all the cares and business of life. Of all the poets, he is the most poetical. Though much later than Chaucer, his obligations to preceding writers were less. He has in some measure borrowed the plan of his poem (as a number of distinct narratives) from Ariosto ; but he has engrafted upon it an exuberance of fancy, and an endless voluptuousness of sentiment, which are not to be found in the Italian writer. Further, ¹⁰ Spenser is even more of an inventor in the subject-matter. There is an originality, richness, and variety in his allegorical personages and fictions, which almost vies with the splendour of the ancient mythology. If Ariosto transports us into the regions of romance, Spenser's poetry is all fairy-land. In Ariosto, we walk upon the ground, in a company, gay, fantastic, and adventurous enough. In Spenser, we wander in another world, among ideal beings. The poet takes and lays us in the lap of a lovelier nature, by the sound of softer streams, among greener hills and ²⁰ fairer valleys. He paints nature, not as we find it, but as we expected to find it ; and fulfils the delightful promise of our youth. He waves his wand of enchantment—and at once embodies airy beings, and throws a delicious veil over all actual objects. The two worlds of reality and of fiction are poised on the wings of his imagination. His ideas, indeed, seem more distinct than his perceptions. He is the painter of abstractions, and describes them with dazzling minuteness. In the Mask of Cupid he makes the

God of Love 'clap on high his coloured winges *twain*':
and it is said of Gluttony, in the Procession of the Passions,
In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad.

At times he becomes picturesque from his intense love of beauty; as where he compares Prince Arthur's crest to the appearance of the almond tree:

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversely
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly drest
10 Did shake and seem'd to daunce for jollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under heav'n is blown.

The love of beauty, however, and not of truth, is the moving principle of his mind; and he is guided in his fantastic delineations by no rule but the impulse of an inexhaustible imagination. He luxuriates equally in scenes
20 of Eastern magnificence; or the still solitude of a hermit's cell—in the extremes of sensuality or refinement.

In reading the *Faery Queen*, you see a little withered old man by a wood-side opening a wicket, a giant, and a dwarf lagging far behind, a damsel in a boat upon an enchanted lake, wood-nymphs, and satyrs; and all of a sudden you are transported into a lofty palace, with tapers burning, amidst knights and ladies, with dance and revelry, and song, 'and mask, and antique pageantry.' What can be more solitary, more shut up in itself, than his
30 description of the house of Sleep, to which Archimago sends for a dream:

And more to lull him in his slumber soft
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mix'd with a murmuring wind, much like the sound
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swoond.

No other noise, nor people's troublous cries
 That still are wont t' annoy the walled town
 Might there be heard ; but careless Quiet lies
 Wrapt in eternal silence, far from enemies.

It is as if ' the honey-heavy dew of slumber ' had settled on his pen in writing these lines. How different in the subject (and yet how like in beauty) is the following description of the Bower of Bliss :

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear ; 10
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere :
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
 To tell what manner musicke that mote be ;
 For all that pleasing is to living eare
 Was there consorted in one harmonee :
 Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.
 The joyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet :
 The angelical soft trembling voices made 20
 To th' instruments divine response meet.
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the water's fall ;
 The water's fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The remainder of the passage has all that voluptuous pathos, and languid brilliancy of fancy, in which this writer excelled :

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay ; 30
 Ah ! see, whoso fayre thing dost fain to see,
 In springing flower the image of thy day !
 Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems the less ye see her may !
 Lo ! see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
 Lo ! see soon after, how she fades and falls away !

So passeth in the passing of a day
 Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower ;
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
 Of many a lady and many a paramour !
 Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
 For soon comes age that will her pride deflower ;
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime. . . .

- 10 The finest things in Spenser are, the character of Una, in the first book ; the House of Pride ; the Cave of Mammon, and the Cave of Despair ; the account of Memory, of whom it is said, among other things,

The wars he well remember'd of King Nine,
 Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine ;

- the description of Belphebe ; the story of Florimel and the Witch's son ; the Gardens of Adonis, and the Bower of Bliss ; the Mask of Cupid ; and Colin Clout's vision, in the last book. But some people will say that all this
 20 may be very fine, but that they cannot understand it on account of the allegory. They are afraid of the allegory, as if they thought it would bite them : they look at it as a child looks at a painted dragon, and think it will strangle them in its shining folds. This is very idle. If they do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them. Without minding it at all, the whole is as plain as a pike-staff. It might as well be pretended that we cannot see Poussin's pictures for the allegory, as that the allegory prevents us from understanding Spenser. For
 30 instance, when Britomart, seated amidst the young warriors, lets fall her hair and discovers her sex, is it necessary to know the part she plays in the allegory, to understand the beauty of the following stanza ?

And eke that stranger knight amongst the rest
 Was for like need enforc'd to disarray.
 Tho when as vailed was her lofty crest,
 Her golden locks that were in trammels gay

Upbunden, did themselves adown display,
 And raught unto her heels like sunny beams
 That in a cloud their light did long time stay ;
 Their vapour faded, shew their golden gleams,
 And through the persant air shoot forth their azure streams.

Or is there any mystery in what is said of Belphebe, that
 her hair was sprinkled with flowers and blossoms which
 had been entangled in it as she fled through the woods ?
 Or is it necessary to have a more distinct idea of Proteus,
 than that which is given of him in his boat, with the 10
 frightened Florimel at his feet, while

—— the cold icicles from his rough beard
 Dropped adown upon her snowy breast !'

Or is it not a sufficient account of one of the sea-gods that
 pass by them, to say—

That was Arion crowned :—
 So went he playing on the watery plain.

Or to take the Procession of the Passions that draw the
 coach of Pride, in which the figures of Idleness, of Gluttony,
 of Lechery, of Avarice, of Envy, and of Wrath speak, one 20
 should think, plain enough for themselves ; such as this
 of Gluttony :

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthy swine ;
 His belly was up blown with luxury ;
 And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne ;
 And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poor people oft did pine.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad ; 30

For other clothes he could not wear for heat :

And on his head an ivy garland had,

From under which fast trickled down the sweat :

Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat.

And in his hand did bear a bouzing can,

Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat

His drunken corse he scarce upholden can ;

In shape and size more like a monster than a man.

Mr. Southey says of Spenser :

——— Yet not more sweet
Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise ;
High priest of all the Muses' mysteries !

On the contrary, no one was more apt to pry into mysteries which do not strictly belong to the Muses.

Of the same kind with the Procession of the Passions, as little obscure, and still more beautiful, is the Mask of Cupid, with his train of votaries :

[Hazlitt here quotes III, xii, 7-13, 22, 23]

[See p. 135]

- 10 The description of Hope, in this series of historical portraits, is one of the most beautiful in Spenser ; and the triumph of Cupid at the mischief he has made, is worthy of the malicious urchin deity. In reading these descriptions, one can hardly avoid being reminded of Rubens's allegorical pictures ; but the account of Satyrane taming the lion's whelps and lugging the bear's cubs along in his arms while yet an infant, whom his mother so naturally advises to ' go seek some other play-fellows ', has even more of this high picturesque character. Nobody but Rubens could have
20 painted the fancy of Spenser ; and he could not have given the sentiment, the airy dream that hovers over it !

With all this, Spenser neither makes us laugh nor weep. The only jest in his poem is an allegorical play upon words, where he describes Malbecco as escaping in the herd of goats, ' by the help of his fayre horns on hight '. But he has been unjustly charged with a want of passion and of strength. He has both in an immense degree. He has not indeed the pathos of immediate action or suffering, which is more properly the dramatic ; but he has all the pathos
30 of sentiment and romance—all that belongs to distant objects of terror, and uncertain, imaginary distress. His strength, in like manner, is not strength of will or action, of bone and muscle, nor is it coarse and palpable—but it

assumes a character of vastness and sublimity seen through the same visionary medium, and blended with the appalling associations of preternatural agency. We need only turn, in proof of this, to the Cave of Despair, or the Cave of Mammon, or to the account of the change of Malbecco into Jealousy. The following stanzas, in the description of the Cave of Mammon, the grisly house of Plutus, are unrivalled for the portentous massiness of the forms, the splendid chiaroscuro, and shadowy horror :

[Hazlitt here quotes II, vii, 28, 29, and 33]

[See pp. 120, 128]

The Cave of Despair is described with equal gloominess 10 and power of fancy ; and the fine moral declamation of the owner of it, on the evils of life, almost makes one in love with death. In the story of Malbecco, who is haunted by jealousy, and in vain strives to run away from his own thoughts—

High over hill and over dale he flies—

the truth of human passion and the preternatural ending are equally striking.—It is not fair to compare Spenser with Shakspeare, in point of interest. A fairer comparison would be with Comus ; and the result would not be 20 unfavourable to Spenser. There is only one work of the same allegorical kind, which has more interest than Spenser (with scarcely less imagination) : and that is the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The three first books of the *Faery Queen* are very superior to the three last. One would think that Pope, who used to ask if any one had ever read the *Faery Queen* through, had only dipped into these last. The only things in them equal to the former, are the account of Talus, the Iron Man, and the delightful episode of Pastorella.

30

The language of Spenser is full, and copious, to overflowing : it is less pure and idiomatic than Chaucer's, and is enriched and adorned with phrases borrowed from the

different languages of Europe, both ancient and modern. He was, probably, seduced into a certain licence of expression by the difficulty of filling up the moulds of his complicated rhymed stanza from the limited resources of his native language. This stanza, with alternate and repeatedly recurring rhymes, is borrowed from the Italians. It was peculiarly fitted to their language, which abounds in similar vowel terminations, and is as little adapted to ours, from the stubborn, unaccommodating resistance which the
10 consonant endings of the northern languages make to this sort of endless sing-song.—Not that I would, on that account, part with the stanza of Spenser. We are, perhaps, indebted to this very necessity of finding out new forms of expression, and to the occasional faults to which it led, for a poetical language rich and varied and magnificent beyond all former, and almost all later example. His versification is, at once, the most smooth and the most sounding in the language. It is a labyrinth of sweet sounds, ‘ in many a winding bout of linked sweetness long
20 drawn out ’—that would cloy by their very sweetness, but that the ear is constantly relieved and enchanted by their continued variety of modulation—lingering on the pauses of the action, or flowing on in a fuller tide of harmony with the movement of the sentiment. It has not the bold dramatic transitions of Shakspeare’s blank verse, nor the high raised tone of Milton’s ; but it is the perfection of melting harmony, dissolving the soul in pleasure, or holding it captive in the chains of suspense. Spenser was the poet of our waking dreams ; and he has invented
30 not only a language, but a music of his own for them. The undulations are, infinite, like those of the waves of the sea : but the effect is still the same, lulling the senses into a deep oblivion of the jarring noises of the world, from which we have no wish to be ever recalled.

COLERIDGE'S Lecture on Spenser

Delivered 1818 ; published in *Literary Remains*, 1836

THERE is this difference, among many others, between Shakspeare and Spenser :—Shakspeare is never coloured by the customs of his age ; what appears of contemporary character in him is merely negative ; it is just not something else. He has none of the fictitious realities of the classics, none of the grotesquenesses of chivalry, none of the allegory of the middle ages ; there is no sectarianism either of politics or religion, no miser, no witch,—no common witch,—no astrology—nothing impermanent of however long duration ; but he stands like the yew tree ¹⁰ in Lorton vale, which has known so many ages that it belongs to none in particular ; a living image of endless self-reproduction, like the immortal tree of Malabar. In Spenser the spirit of chivalry is entirely predominant, although with a much greater infusion of the poet's own individual self into it than is found in any other writer. He has the wit of the southern with the deeper inwardness of the northern genius.

No one can appreciate Spenser without some reflection on the nature of allegorical writing. The mere etymological ²⁰ meaning of the word, allegory,—to talk of one thing and thereby convey another,—is too wide. The true sense is this,—the employment of one set of agents and images to convey in disguise a moral meaning, with a likeness to the imagination, but with a difference to the understanding,—those agents and images being so combined as to form a homogeneous whole. This distinguishes it from metaphor, which is part of an allegory. But allegory is not properly distinguishable from fable, otherwise than as the first includes the second, as a genus its species ; for in a fable ³⁰ there must be nothing but what is universally known and acknowledged, but in an allegory there may be that which

is new and not previously admitted. The pictures of the great masters, especially of the Italian schools, are genuine allegories. Amongst the classics, the multitude of their gods either precluded allegory altogether, or else made everything allegory, as in the Hesiodic Theogonia ; for you can scarcely distinguish between power and the personification of power. The Cupid and Psyche of, or found in, Apuleius, is a phænomenon. It is the Platonic mode of accounting for the fall of man. The Battle of the Soul by 10 Prudentius is an early instance of Christian allegory.

Narrative allegory is distinguished from mythology as reality from symbol ; it is, in short, the proper inter-medium between person and personification. Where it is too strongly individualized, it ceases to be allegory ; this is often felt in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, where the characters are real persons with nicknames. Perhaps one of the most curious warnings against another attempt at narrative allegory on a great scale, may be found in Tasso's account of what he himself intended in and by his *Jerusalem* 20 *Delivered*.

As characteristic of Spenser, I would call your particular attention in the first place to the indescribable sweetness and fluent projection of his verse, very clearly distinguishable from the deeper and more inwoven harmonies of Shakspeare and Milton. This stanza is a good instance of what I mean :—

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
 30 In wildernesses and wastfull deserts strayd
 To seeke her knight ; who, subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond ; she, of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought,
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

F. Qu. B. I, c. 3, st. 3.

2. Combined with this sweetness and fluency, the scientific construction of the metre of the *Faery Queene* is very noticeable. One of Spenser's arts is that of alliteration, and he uses it with great effect in doubling the impression of an image :—

In wildernesses and wastful deserts,—
Through woods and wastnes wilde,—
They passe the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton, 10
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shrieks doth bootlesse cry,—&c.

He is particularly given to an alternate alliteration, which is, perhaps, when well used, a great secret in melody :—

A ramping lyon rushed suddenly,—
And sad to see her sorrowful constraint,—
And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay,—&c.

You cannot read a page of the *Faery Queene*, if you read for that purpose, without perceiving the intentional alliterativeness of the words ; and yet so skilfully is this 20 managed, that it never strikes any unwarned ear as artificial, or other than the result of the necessary movement of the verse.

3. Spenser displays great skill in harmonizing his descriptions of external nature and actual incidents with the allegorical character and epic activity of the poem. Take these two beautiful passages as illustrations of what I mean :—

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre 30
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre ;
And chearefull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that Night so long his roome did fill ;

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged spright
Came, &c. B. I, c. 2, st. 1.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest Heaven gan to open fayre ;
And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre ;
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway ;
10 He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes and battailons array ;
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day
Ib. c. 5, st. 2.

Observe also the exceeding vividness of Spenser's descriptions. They are not, in the true sense of the word, picturesque ; but are composed of a wondrous series of images, as in our dreams. Compare the following passage with anything you may remember *in pari materia* in Milton or Shakspeare :—

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
20 Both glorious brightnesse and great terroure bredd
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery redd,
That suddeine horroure to faint hartes did show ;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest
A bounch of haire discoloured diversly,
30 With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollitie ;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.
Ib. c. 7, st. 31-2.

4. You will take especial note of the marvellous independence and true imaginative absence of all particular space or time in the *Faery Queene*. It is in the domains neither of history nor geography; it is ignorant of all artificial boundary, all material obstacles; it is truly in land of Faery, that is, of mental space. The poet has placed you in a dream, a charmed sleep, and you neither wish, nor have the power, to inquire where you are, or how you got there. It reminds me of some lines of my own:

Oh! would to Alla!

10

The raven or the sea-mew were appointed
To bring me food!—or rather that my soul
Might draw in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff
Along some ocean's boundless solitude
To float for ever with a careless course
And think myself the only being alive!

Remorse, Act iv, sc. 3.

Indeed Spenser himself, in the conduct of his great poem, may be represented under the same image, his symbolizing purpose being his mariner's compass:

20

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And coverd Heaven with hideous dreriment;
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly.

B. II, c. 7, st. 1.

So the poet through the realms of allegory.

30

5. You should note the quintessential character of Christian chivalry in all his characters, but more especially in his women. The Greeks, except, perhaps, in Homer, seem to have had no way of making their women interesting, but by unsexing them, as in the instances of the tragic

Medea, Electra, &c. Contrast such characters with Spenser's Una, who exhibits no prominent feature, has no particularization, but produces the same feeling that a statue does, when contemplated at a distance :

From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside : her angels face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

B. I, c. 3, st. 4.

- 10 6. In Spenser we see the brightest and purest form of that nationality which was so common a characteristic of our elder poets. There is nothing unamiable, nothing contemptuous of others, in it. To glorify their country—to elevate England into a queen, an empress of the heart—this was their passion and object ; and how dear and important an object it was or may be, let Spain, in the recollection of her Cid, declare ! There is a great magic in national names. What a damper to all interest is a list of native East Indian merchants ! Unknown names are
20 non-conductors ; they stop all sympathy. No one of our poets has touched this string more exquisitely than Spenser ; especially in his chronicle of the British Kings (B. II, c. 10), and the marriage of the Thames with the Medway (B. IV, c. 11), in both which passages the mere names constitute half the pleasure we receive. To the same feeling we must in particular attribute Spenser's sweet reference to Ireland :

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were ;
Sith no lesse famous than the rest they be, &c. Ib.

- 30 And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taugt to weep. Ib.
And there is a beautiful passage of the same sort in the *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* :

' One day,' quoth he, ' I sat, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole,' &c.

Lastly, the great and prevailing character of Spenser's mind is fancy under the conditions of imagination, as an ever present but not always active power. He has an imaginative fancy, but he has not imagination, in kind or degree, as Shakspeare and Milton have ; the boldest effort of his powers in this way is the character of Talus. Add to this a feminine tenderness and almost maidenly purity of feeling, and above all, a deep moral earnestness which produces a believing sympathy and acquiescence in the reader, and you have a tolerably adequate view of Spenser's 10 intellectual being.

From LEIGH HUNT'S Essay on Spenser

Imagination and Fancy, 1844

SPENSER'S great characteristic is poetic luxury. If you go to him for a story, you will be disappointed ; if for a style, classical or concise, the point against him is conceded ; if for pathos, you must weep for personages half-real and too beautiful ; if for mirth, you must laugh out of good breeding, and because it pleaseth the great, sequestered man, to be facetious. But if you love poetry well enough to enjoy it for its own sake, let no evil reports of his ' allegory ' deter you from his acquaintance, for great will be your loss. 20 His allegory itself is but one part allegory, and nine parts beauty and enjoyment ; sometimes an excess of flesh and blood. His forced rhymes, and his sentences written to fill up, which in a less poet would be intolerable, are accompanied with such endless grace and dreaming pleasure, fit to

Make heaven drowsy with the harmony,

that although it is to be no more expected of anybody to read him through at once, than to wander days and nights in a forest, thinking of nothing else, yet any true lover of poetry, when he comes to know him, would as soon quarrel with repose on the summer grass. You may get up and go away, but will return next day at noon to listen to his waterfalls, and to see, 'with half-shut eye,' his visions of knights and nymphs, his gods and goddesses, whom he brought down again to earth in immortal beauty.

10 Spenser, in some respects, is more southern than the south itself. Dante, but for the covered heat which occasionally concentrates the utmost sweetness as well as venom, would be quite northern compared with him. He is more luxurious than Ariosto or Tasso, more haunted with the presence of beauty. His wholesale poetical belief, mixing up all creeds and mythologies, but with less violence, resembles that of Dante and Boccaccio; and it gives the compound the better warrant in the more agreeable impression. Then his versification is almost perpetual honey.

20 Spenser is the farthest removed from the ordinary cares and haunts of the world of all the poets that ever wrote, except perhaps Ovid; and this, which is the reason why mere men of business and the world do not like him, constitutes his most bewitching charm with the poetical. He is not so great a poet as Shakspeare or Dante;—he has less imagination, though more fancy, than Milton. He does not see things so purely in their elements as Dante; neither can he combine their elements like Shakspeare, nor bring such frequent intensities of words, or of wholesale
30 imaginative sympathy, to bear upon his subject as any one of them; though he has given noble diffuser instances of the latter in his *Una*, and his *Mammon*, and his accounts of *Jealousy* and *Despair*.

But when you are 'over-informed' with thought and passion in Shakspeare, when Milton's mighty grandeurs

oppress you, or are found mixed with painful absurdities, or when the world is vexatious and tiresome, and you have had enough of your own vanities or struggles in it, or when 'house and land' themselves are 'gone and spent', and your riches must lie in the regions of the 'unknown', then Spenser is 'most excellent'. His remoteness from everyday life is the reason perhaps why Somers and Chatham admired him; and his possession of every kind of imaginary wealth completes his charm with his brother poets. Take him in short for what he is, whether greater or less than his 10 fellows, the poetical faculty is so abundantly and beautifully predominant in him above every other, though he had passion, and thought, and plenty of ethics, and was as learned a man as Ben Jonson, perhaps as Milton himself, that he has always been felt by his countrymen to be what Charles Lamb called him, the 'Poet's Poet'. He has had more idolatry and imitation from his brethren than all the rest put together. The old undramatic poets, Drayton, Browne, Drummond, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, were as full of him as the dramatic were of Shakspeare. Milton 20 studied and used him, calling him the 'sage and serious Spenser'; and adding, that he 'dared be known to think him a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas'. Cowley said that he became a poet by reading him. Dryden claimed him for a master. Pope said he read him with as much pleasure when he was old, as young. Collins and Gray loved him; Thomson, Shenstone, and a host of inferior writers, expressly imitated him; Burns, Byron, Shelley, and Keats made use of his stanza; Coleridge eulogized him; and he is as dear to the best living poets as 30 he was to their predecessors. Spenser has stood all the changes in critical opinion; all the logical and formal conclusions of the understanding, as opposed to imagination and lasting sympathy.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

E. K. (probably Edward Kirke.)

Introduction to *The Shepheards Calender*, 1579

UNCOUTHE unkiste, Sayde the olde famous Poete
Chaucer : whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skil
in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthy scholler of so
excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our Language :
and whom our Colin Clout in his Æglogue calleth Tityrus
the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines
of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. Which proverbe . . . so very
well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he
is uncouth (as said Chaucer) is unkist, and unknown to
10 most men, is regarded but of few. But I dout not, so soone
as his name shall come into the knowledg of men, and his
worthines be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he
shall be not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, embraced
of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke,
deserveth his wittinesse in devising, his pithinesse in
uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses
of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his
morall wisenesse, his dewe observing of Decorum everye
20 where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach,
and generally in al seemely simplicitie of handeling his
matter, and framing his words : the which of many thinges
which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the straunget,
the words them selves being so auncient, the knitting of
them so short and intricate, and the whole Periode and
compasse of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse,
and so grave for the straungenesse. And firste of the wordes
to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most
men unused, yet both English, and also used of most
excellent Authors and most famous Poetes. In whom
30 whenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and

throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt ; and having the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes 10 are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be objected of Valla against Livie, and of other against Saluste, that with over much studie they affect antiquitie, as coveting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one and in the other ; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image 20 of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravitie and importaunce. For if my memory fayle not, Tullie in that booke, wherein he endevoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that ofttimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme grave, and as it were reverend : no otherwise then we honour and reverence gray heares for a certein religious regard, which we have of old age. Yet nether every where must old words be stuffed in, nor the commen Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it seme 30 disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to

the principall ; for oftimes we fynde ourselves, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order : Even so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of brave and glorious words. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance : so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the joynt of a wel shaped body. But if any will rashly blame such
10 his purpose in choyse of old and unwonted words, him may I more justly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in judging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning ; for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the length of his cast. For in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as have ben long time out of use and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful
20 enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barreine of both. Which default when as some endeavoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latine, not weighing how il those tongues accorde with themselves, but much worse with ours : So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some not so wel seene in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages,
30 if they happen to here an olde word albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such as in old time Evanders mother spake : Whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge straungers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the

first, that what so they understand not, they streight way deeme to be sencelesse, and not at al to be understode: Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last, more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their Nources milk they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard judgement, that they will not onely themselves not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embellished: Like to the dogge in the 10 maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine would feede: whose currish kind though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Now for the knitting of sentences, whych they call the joynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round without roughnesse, and learned wythout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceived of the leaste, understoode of the moste, but judged onely of the learned. For what in most English wryters useth to be loose, and 20 as it were ungyrt, in this Authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellye route of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without judgement jangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had newly ravished them above the meanenesse of commen capacitie. And being in the midst of all theyr bravery, sodenly eyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or having forgotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be 30 so pained and traveiled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in childebirth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came upon her.

Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Nethesle let them a Gods name feede on theyr owne

folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, under whose person the Author selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious showes, both him selfe sheweth, where he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill. And,
Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein, it semeth, he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in *Æglogues*, then other wise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best and most auncient Poetes, which devised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habilities: and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to prove theyr tender wyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue
20 he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet well feeling his winges. So flew Mantuane, as being not full somd. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarus, and also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author every where followeth, yet so as few, but they be wel sented, can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, whose principals be scarce growen out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his
30 *Æglogues*, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his unstayed youghth had long wandred in the common Labyrinth of Love, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to warne (as he sayth) the young shepheards .s. his

equalls and companions of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these xij. Æglogues, which for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEPHEARDS CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a new worke. Hereunto have I added a certain Glosse or scholion for the exposition of old wordes and harder phrases: which maner of glosing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme straunge and rare in our tongue: yet for somuch as I knew many excellent and proper devises both in wordes and matter would passe in the speedy course of reading, 10 either as unknowen, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made privie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendship, him selfe being for long time furre estraunged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth divers other 20 excellent works of his, which slepe in silence, as his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupide*, and sondry others; whose commendations to set out, were verye vayne; the thinges though worthy of many, yet being knowen to few.

Gabriel Harvey

Letter to Spenser, 1580

I LIKE your DREAMES passingly well: and the rather, bicause they savour of that singular extraordinarie veine and invention whiche I ever fancied moste, and in a manner admired onelye, in LUCIAN, PETRARCHE, ARETINE, PASQUILL,

and all the most delicate and fine conceited Grecians and Italians (for the Romanes to speake of are but verye Ciphars in this kinde) : whose chiefest endeavour and drifte was to have nothing vulgare, but in some respecte or other, and especially in LIVELY HYPERBOLICALL AMPLIFICATIONS, rare, quaint, and odde in every pointe, and, as a man woulde saye, a degree or two at the leaste above the reach and compasse of a common Schollers capacitie.

Sir Philip Sidney

An Apologie for Poetry, written c. 1583, published 1595

I ACCOUNT the *Mirroure of Magistrates* meetely furnished
 10 of beautiful parts ; and in the Earle of Surries *Liricks* many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble minde. The *Shepheards Kalender* hath much Poetrie in his Eglogues : indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his stile to an old rustick language I dare not allowe, sith neyther *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgill* in Latine, nor *Sanazar* in Italian did affect it. Besides these, doe I not remember to have seene but fewe (to speake boldely) printed, that have poetickall sinnewes in them.

Richard Barnfield

Poems : In divers humors, 1598

If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,
 20 As they must needes (the Sister and the Brother)
 Then must the Love be great, twixt thee and mee,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is deare ; whose heavenly tuch
 Upon the Lute, doeth ravish humane sense :
Spenser to mee ; whose deepe Conceit is such,
 As passing all Conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lov'st to heare the sweete melodious sound,
 That *Phæbus* Lute (the Queene of Musique) makes :
 And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
 When as himselfe to singing he betakes.
 One God is God of Both (as Poets faigne)
 One Knight loves Both, and Both in thee remaine.

Anonymous

The Returne from Parnassus, 1606

Ingenioso. What's thy judgement of *Spencer* ?

Judicio. A sweeter Swan then ever song in Poe,

A shriller Nightingale then ever blest

The prouder groves of selfe admiring Rome.

10

Blith was each vally, and each sheapeard proud,

While he did chaunt his rurall minstralsie ;

Attentive was full many a dainty eare ;

Nay, hearers hong upon his melting tong,

While sweetly of his Faiery Queene he song,

While to the waters fall he tun'd [he]r fame,

And in each barke engrav'd Elizaes name.

Michael Drayton

Epistle to Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poetry, 1627

GRAVE morrall *Spencer* after these came on,

Then whom I am perswaded there was none

Since the blind *Bard* his *Iliads* up did make,

20

Fitter a taske like that to undertake,

To set down boldly, bravely to invent,

In all high knowledge surely excellent.

Ben Jonson

Timber : or Discoveries, made upon Men and Matter, 1641

As it is fit to reade the best Authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest, and clearest. As *Livy* before *Salust*, *Sydney* before *Donne* : and beware of letting them taste *Gower*, or *Chaucer* at first, lest falling too much in love with Antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language onely. When their judgements are firme, and out of danger, let them reade both, the old and the new : but no lesse take heed, that their new flowers, and sweetnesse, doe not as much
10 corrupt, as the others drinesse, and squallor, if they choose not carefully. *Spencer* in affecting the Ancients writ no Language : Yet I would have him read for his matter ; but as *Virgil* read *Ennius*.

LATER TESTIMONIES

John Milton

Areopagitica, 1644

THAT vertue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evill, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank vertue, not a pure ; her whitenesse is but an excrementall whitenesse ; Which was the reason why our sage and serious Poet *Spencer*, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher then *Scotus* or *Aquinas*, describing true temperance under the person of *Guion*, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bowr of earthly blisse, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. 10

Abraham Cowley

Essay 11, *Of Myself*, published posthumously 1668

I BELIEVE I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there : For I remember when I first began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my Mothers Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lie *Spencers* Works ; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where 20 there (though my understanding had little to do with all this) : and by degrees with the tinckling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet.

John Dryden

Dedication to the *Æneis*, 1697

I MUST acknowledge that *Virgil* in Latin, and *Spencer* in English, have been my Masters.

Preface to the *Fables*, 1700

Spencer and *Fairfax* both flourish'd in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* : Great Masters in our Language ; and who saw much farther into the Beauties of our Numbers, than those who immediately followed them. *Milton* was the Poetical Son of *Spencer*, and Mr. *Waller* of *Fairfax* ; for we have our Lineal Descents and Clans, as well as other Families : *Spencer* more than once insinuates, that the Soul of *Chaucer* 10 was transfus'd into his Body ; and that he was begotten by him Two hundred years after his Decease. *Milton* has acknowledg'd to me, that *Spencer* was his Original.

Sir Richard Steele

The Spectator, No. 540, November 19, 1712

MR. SPECTATOR,

There is no Part of your Writings which I have in more Esteem than your Criticism upon *Milton*. It is an honourable and candid Endeavour to set the Works of our Noble Writers in the graceful Light which they deserve. You will lose much of my kind Inclination towards you, if you do not attempt the Encomium of *Spencer* also, or at least 20 indulge my Passion for that charming Author so far as to print the loose Hints I now give you on that Subject.

Spencer's general Plan is the Representation of six Virtues . . . in six Legends by six Persons. . . . These one might undertake to shew, under the several Heads, are admirably drawn : no Images improper, and most surprizingly beautiful. . . .

His old Words are all true *English*, and Numbers exquisite.

John Hughes

Essay prefixed to Spenser's *Works*, 1715

THE Embellishments of Description are rich and lavish in him beyond Comparison : and as this is the most striking part of Poetry, especially to young Readers, I take it to be the Reason that he has been the Father of more Poets among us, than any other of our Writers.

Alexander Pope

Letter to John Hughes, 1715

THE present you make me¹ is of the most agreeable nature imaginable, for Spenser has been ever a favourite poet to me.

Conversation with Spence, 1743-4 (Spence's *Anecdotes*, 1820)

AFTER reading a canto of Spenser two or three days ago to an old lady, between seventy and eighty years of age, 10 she said that I had been showing her a gallery of pictures. —I don't know how it is, but she said very right : there is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age, as it did in one's youth. I read the *Faerie Queene*, when I was about twelve, with infinite delight ; and I think it gave me as much, when I read it over about a year or two ago.

Samuel Johnson

Preface to *A Dictionary of the English Language*, 1755

If the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the translation of the Bible ; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon* ; the phrases of policy, war, and 20 navigation from *Raleigh* ; the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney* ; and the diction of common life from *Shakespeare*, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of *English* words, in which they might be expressed.

¹ The edition of Spenser.

Thomas Gray

From *Reminiscences of Gray* by Norton Nicholls, 1805

SPENSER was among his favourite poets ; and he told me he never sat down to compose poetry without reading Spenser for a considerable time previously.

William Wordsworth

The Prelude, Book III, 1804 ; published 1850

THAT gentle Bard,

Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven

With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,

I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend !

Sir Walter Scott

Autobiography, in *Lockhart's Life* ; published 1837

SPENSER I could have read for ever. Too young to
 10 trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous.

John Keats

Ode to Apollo, 1815 ; published 1848

A SILVER trumpet Spenser blows,

And, as its martial notes to silence flee,

From a virgin chorus flows

20 A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.

'Tis still ! Wild warblings from the Æolian lyre

Enchantment softly breathe, and tremblingly expire.

T H E
Shepheardes Calender

Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable
to the twelue monethes.

Entitled
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualrie M.
Philip Sidney.
(.)



AT LONDON.
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the
signe of the gylden Tunne, and
are there to be solde.
1579.

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

April



ARGUMENT

This Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious sovereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes : the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misadventure in Love, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loved him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Majestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

THENOT.

HOBBINOLL.

TELL me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete ?
What ? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne ?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete ?
Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne ?

Or bene thine eyes attempted to the yeare,
 Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
 Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares
 Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.

HOBBINOLL.

Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
 But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare, 10
 Nowe loves a lasse, that all his love doth scorne:
 He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear,
 Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made us meriment,
 He wyfully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

THENOT.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
 Ys love such pinching payne to them, that prove?
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,
 Yet hath so little skill to brydle love? 20

HOBBINOLL.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:
 Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte.
 Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
 Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
 And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
 So nowe fayre *Rosalind* hath bredde hys smart,
 So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

THENOT.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
 I pray thee *Hobbinoll*, recorde some one: 30
 The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
 And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

HOBBINOLL.

Contented I : then will I singe his laye
 Of fayre *Eliza*, Queene of shepheardes all :
 Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
 And tuned it unto the Waters fall.

YE daynty Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
 doe bathe your brest,
 Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
 at my request : 40
 And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwell,
 Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well
 Helpe me to blaze
 Her worthy praise,
 Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your silver song,
 that blessed wight :
 The flowre of Virgins, may shee florish long,
 In princely plight.
 For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte, 50
 Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot :
 So sprong her grace
 Of heavenly race,
 No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
 (O seemely sight)
 Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
 And Ermines white.
 Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
 With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set 60
 Bayleaves betweene,
 And Primroses greene
 Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like *Phæbe* fayre ?

Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace
can you well compare ?

The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere.

Her modest eye,

70

Her Majestie,

Where have you seene the like, but there ?

I sawe *Phæbus* thrust out his golden hedde,
upon her to gaze :

But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
it did him amaze.

He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrre face out showe :

Let him, if he dare,

His brightnesse compare

80

With hers, to have the overthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy silver rayes,
and be not abasht :

When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht ?

But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.

Now she is a stone,

And makes dayly mone,

Warning all other to take heede.

90

Pan may be proud, that ever he begot
such a *Bellibone*,

And *Syrinx* rejoyse, that ever was her lot
to beare such an one.

Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,

36 THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb :
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepherds swayne,
 Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see *Calliope* speede her to the place, 100
 where my Goddesse shines :
 And after her the other Muses trace,
 with their Violines.
 Bene they not Bay Braunches, which they doe beare,
 All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare ?
 So sweetely they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heaven is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote 110
 to the Instrument :
 They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
 in their meriment.
 Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce even ?
 Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen :
 She shalbe a grace,
 To fyll the fourth place,
 And reigne with the rest in heaven.

And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
 raunged in a rowe ?
 They bene all Lades of the lake behight, 120
 that unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,
 Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall :
 Olives bene for peace,
 When wars doe surcease :
 Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
 hye you there apace :

Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
 to adorne her grace.

130

And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
 See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace :

Binde your fillets faste,
 And gird in your waste,

For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
 With Gelliflowres :

Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
 worne of Paramoures.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,

140

And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies :

The pretie Pawnce,
 And the Chevisaunce,

Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Now ryse up *Elisa*, decked as thou art,
 in royall aray :

And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
 echeone her way,

I feare, I have troubled your troupes to longe :

Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song.

150

And if you come hether,

When Damsines I gether,

I will part them all you among.

THENOT.

And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making ?

Ah foolish boy, that is with love yblent :

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

HOBBINOL.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater fon,
 That loves the thing, he cannot purchase.
 160 But let us homeward: for night draweth on,
 And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete) causeth thee weepe and complain.
 Forlorne) left and forsaken.
 Attempted to the yeare) agreeable to the season of the yeare, that
 170 is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable
 rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through
 drynesse of March wyndes.
 The Ladde) Colin Clout. The Lasse) Rosalinda.
 Tressed locks) wrethed and curled.
 Is he for a ladde) A straunge manner of speaking .s. what maner of
 Ladde is he?
 To make) to rime and versifye. For in this word making, our olde
 Englishe Poetes were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye,
 according to the Greeke woorde ποιέιν to make, whence commeth
 180 the name of Poetes.
 Colin thou kenst) knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth
 to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent,
 the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and
 before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.
 The Widowes) He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the
 glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke
 is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person, then simply
 spoken. For it is well knowen, even in spighte of Colin and
 Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle woman of no meane house, nor
 190 endowed with anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature
 and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be
 ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol
 be greved, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for
 her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deserving it no lesse,

then eyther Myrto the most excellent Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the divine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the worthye Poete Stesichorus hys Idole : Upon whom he is sayd so much to have doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his præsumptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance 200 of the Gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eyes.

Frenne) a straunger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterwarde used in commen custome of speach for forenne.

Dight) adorned. Laye) a songe. As Roundelayes and Virelayes. In all this songe is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Majestie deserveth, nor what to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moste comely for the meannesse of a shepheards witte, or to conceive, or to utter. And therefore he calleth 210 her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name : and a shepheards daughter, it being very unfit, that a shepheards boy brought up in the shepfold, should know, or ever seme to have heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie) is, as it were an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins) the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrie specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon) is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, 220 and also of a mounteine in Bæotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses : of which spring it is sayd, that when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grownde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprange a wel of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, which fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your silver song) seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus ἀργυρέον μέλος.

Syrinx) is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being 230 in love pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype : which he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost love, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods : but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be divine and

immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to judge of all Kinges
240 and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

*Θυμὸς δὴ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέως βασιλῆως,
τιμὴ δ' ἐκ διὸς ἐστι, φιλεῖ δὲ ὁ μητίετα Ζεὺς.)*

could devise no parents in his judgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepeheards God, and his best beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates : And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the verye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

250 Cremosin coronet) he deviseth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes use to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish) beautifye and set out.

Phebe) the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister unto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled) mingled.

Yfere) together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the uniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke : by whose longe discord and deadly debate, this
260 realm many yeares was sore traveled, and almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seventh, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde, in whom was the firste union of the Whyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope) one of the nine Muses : to whome they assigne the honor of all Poetical Invention, and the firste glorye of the Heroicall verse. Other say, that shee is the Goddesses of Rhetorick : but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng. For
270 there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying :

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special partes of Rhetorick : besyde that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part. But I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches) be the signe of honor and victory, and therfore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, and eke of famous
280 Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

*Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.*

The Graces) be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, and Homer onely addeth a fourth .s. Pasithea) otherwise called Charites, that is thanks. Whom the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of al bountie and comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountiful to other freely, then to receive benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully : which are 290 three sundry Actions in liberalitie. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Julius Cæsar) the one having her backe toward us, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from us : the other two toward us, noting double thanke to be due to us for the benefit, we have done.

Deaffly) Finelye and nimbly. Soote) Sweete. Meriment) Mirth.

Bevie) A beavie of Ladyes, is spoken figuratively for a company or troupe. The terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Bevie of Larkes, even as a Covey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladies of the lake) be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion 300 amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soveraigne. Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an unlawfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nympe in Greeke signifieth Well water, or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

Behight) called or named.

Cloris) the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of whome 310 is sayd, that Zephyrus the Western wind being in love with her, and coveting her to wyfe, gave her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soveraintye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Olives bene) The Olive was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace : or els for that the Olive tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and used most for speares and other instruments of warre. Whereupon 320 is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Minervaes stroke sprong out an Olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your) Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitye.

Bring) all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitie. Flowre delice, that which they use to misterme,
 330 Flowre de luce, being in Latine called Flos delitiarum.

A Bellibone) or a Bonibell. Homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonilasse.

Forswonck and forswatt) overlaboured and sunneburnt.

I saw Phæbus) the sunne. A sensible Narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *παρουσία*.

Cynthia) the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyll, where she was honoured.

Latonaes seede) Was Apollo and Diana. Whom when as Niobe the wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruict of her wombe, namely her seven sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona
 340 being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: whereat the unfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone upon the sepulchre of her children. For which cause the shepheard sayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like myfortune.

Now rise) is the conclusion. For having so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he returneth all the thanck of hys laboure to
 350 the excellencie of her Majestie.

When Damsins) A base reward of a clownish giver.

Yblent) Y is a poeticall addition. Blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him used in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likeness of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most divinely set forth. To which similitude of divinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, overcome with the hugeness of his imagination,
 360 brusteth out in great admiration, (O quam te memorem virgo ?) being otherwise unable, then by soddein silence, to expresse the worthinesse of his conceipt. Whom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approvaunce, that Elisa is no whit inferiour to the Majestie of her, of whome that Poete so boldly pronounced, O dea certe.



ARGUMENT.

In Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof : Specially having bene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular account and honor, and being indede so worthy and commendable an arte : or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both : and poured into the witte by a certaine ἐνθουσιασμός and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth, in his booke called the English Poete, which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace upon further advisement to publish.

PIERCE.

CUDDIE.

*Cuddie, for shame hold up thy heavye head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring Phæbus race.
Whilome thou wont the shepherds laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base :
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.*

CUDDYE.

Piers, I have pyped erst so long with payne,
 That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore :
 And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
 Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne, 10
 Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
 And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine :
 The dapper ditties, that I wont devise,
 To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry, *reared*
 Delighten much : what I the bett for thy ?
 They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise.
 I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye :
 What good thereof to Cuddie can arise ?

PIERS.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
 The glory eke much greater then the gayne : 20
 O what an honor is it, to restraine
 The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice :
 Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy *vaine*,
 Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.
 Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
 O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave :
 Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereave,
 All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
 From *Plutoes* balefull bowre withouten leave :
 His musicks might the hellish hound did tame. 30

CUDDIE.

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,
 And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye :
 But who rewards him ere the more for thy ?
 Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine ?
 Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
 Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERS.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
 Lyft up thy selfe out of the lowly dust :
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
 Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne. 40
 To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
 And helmes unbruized wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
 And stretch her selfe at large from East to West :
 Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,
 Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Advaunce the worthy whome shee loveth best, 50
 That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
 Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string : 50
 Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
 And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
 All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring.
 So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heaven sownde.

CUDDYE.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
 Through his *Mecænas* left his Oaten reede,
 Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
 And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
 And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
 So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here. 60

But ah *Mecænas* is yclad in claye,
 And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead :
 And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
 That matter made for Poets on to play :
 For ever, who in derring doe were drede,
 The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
 And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease :
 The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
 To put in preace emong the learned troupe. 70
 Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
 And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.
 And if that any buddes of Poesie,
 Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne :
 Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
 And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye :
 Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne :
 Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

PIERS.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy place ?
 If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt : 80
 (And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
 Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
 Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
 And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

CUDDIE.

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
 So high to sore, and make so large a flight :
 Her peece'd pyneons bene not so in plight,
 For *Colin* fittes such famous flight to scanne :
 He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
 Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne. 90

PIERS.

Ah fon, for love does teach him climbe so hie,
 And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre :
 Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
 Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie.
 And cause a caytive corage to aspire,
 For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUDDIE.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
 For lordly love is such a Tyranne fell :
 That where he rules, all power he doth expell.
 The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes, 100
 Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell.
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever casts to compasse weightye prise,
 And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate :
 Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
 For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phæbus* wise.
 And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
 The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
 O if my temples were distaind with wine, 110
 And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine,
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
 And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,
 With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
 For thy, content us in thys humble shade :
 Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde,
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

PIERS.

And when my *Gates* shall han their bellies layd :
Cuddie shall have a Kidde to store his farme. 120

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo &c.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, wherein hee reprov'd the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane. The style hereof as also

that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to
 130 the heighte of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie) I doubte whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe,
 or some other. For in the eyght Æglogue the same person was
 brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayth.

So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whilome) sometime.

Oaten reedes) Avena.

Ligge so layde) lye so faynt and unlustye.

Dapper) prettye.

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes. For
 the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine.) This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in
 140 his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first invention of
 Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite
 number of youth usually came to theyr great solemne feastes
 called Panegyrica, which they used every five yeere to hold,
 some learned man being more hable then the rest, for speciall
 gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take upon him to sing fine
 verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or
 of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men
 being astonied and as it were ravished, with delight, thinking
 (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from above, called him
 150 vatem: which kinde of men afterwarde framing their verses to
 lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some
 lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diversely eke
 affect the myndes of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also,
 some playing wyth love, some scorning at mens fashions, some
 powred out in pleasures, and so were called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereave) what the secrete working of Musick is in the myndes
 of men, aswell appeareth, hereby, that some of the auncient
 Philosophers, and those the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras
 held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonie
 160 and musicall numbers, for the great compassion and likenes of
 affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable
 history of Alexander: to whom when as Timotheus the great
 Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he was
 distraught with such unwonted fury, that streight way rysing
 from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed,
 as ready to goe to warre (for that musick is very war like :)
 And immediatly whenas the Musitian chaunged his stroke into
 the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so furr from warring,
 that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such
 170 might is in musick. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the
 Arabian Melodie from children and youth. For that being
 altogither on the fyft and vii, tone, it is of great force to molifie

and quench the kindly courage, which useth to burne in yong
brests. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth,
that Musick can bereave the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) Orpheus : of whom is sayd, that by his excel-
lent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice
from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Juno to him committed hir
husband Jupiter his Paragon Iô, bicause he had an hundred eyes : 180
but afterwarde Mercury wyth hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe,
slew him and brought Iô away, whose eyes it is sayd that Juno
for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle.
For those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

Woundlesse armour) unwounded in warre, doe rust through long
peace.

Display) A poeticall metaphore : whereof the meaning is, that if the
Poet list shewe his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the
homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne
and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious 190
soveraign, whom (as before) he calleth Elisa. Or if mater of
knighthoode and chevalrie please him better, that there be many
Noble and valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in
theyr deserved prayses, and also favourers of hys skil and faculty.

The worthy) he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and
renowmed the Erle of Leycester, whom by his cognisance (although
the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he
bewrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be
known to country clowne.

Slack) that is when thou chaungest thy verse from stately dis- 200
course, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce. Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) wel knowne to be Virgile, who by Mecænas
means was brought into the favour of the Emperor Augustus,
and by him moved to write in loftier kinde, then he erst had doen.

Whereon) in these three verses are the three severall workes of
Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant
his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In
singing of wars and deadly dreade, is his divine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhoode and chevalrie.

210

For ever) He sheweth the cause, why Poetes were wont be had in
such honor of noble men ; that is, that by them their worthines
and valor shold through theyr famous Posies be commended to
al posterities. Wherefore it is sayd, that Achilles had never bene
so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses. Which is
the only advantage, which he had of Hector. And also that

Alexander the great comming to his tombe in Sigeus, with naturall teares blessed him, that ever was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work : as so renowned and ennobled onely by hys meanes. Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthely sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba

Del fero Achille sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiara tromba. Trovasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, aswell sheweth this that the worthy Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia had evermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius : as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus was borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should upon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or otherwise : but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So favoured he the only name of a Poete. Whych prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of silver the two bookes of Homers works, as layd up there for speciall jewells and riches, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother every night layde under his pillowe. Such honor have Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men. Which this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably.

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idleness and basenesse of mynd.

Pent) shut up in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall Sarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, whych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded upon learning and judgment.

Ne brest) the meaner sort of men.

Her peece pineons) unperfect skil. Spoken wyth humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange : for the swanne hath ever wonne small commendation for her swete singing : but it is sayd of the learned that the swan a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie. As wel sayth the Poete elsewhere in one of his sonetts.

The silver swanne doth sing before her dying day

As shee that feelles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, which is an excellent object of
Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrachs saying.

Fiorir faceva il mio debile ingegno

A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytive corage) a base and abject minde.

For lofty love) I think this playing with the letter to be rather
a fault then a figure, aswel in our English tongue, as it hath bene
always in the Latine, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying. vacuum curis divína cere-
brum Poscit.

270

Lavish cups) Resembleth that comen verse Fæcundi calices quem
non fecere disertum.

O if my) He seemeth here to be ravished with a Poetical furie.
For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so ful, and the verse
groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of
shepheards state and stile.

Wild yvie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus and therefore it is sayd
that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) used in
theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or
Javelins, wrapped about with yvie.

280

In buskin) it was the maner of Poetes and plaiers in tragedies to
were buskins, as also in Comedies to use stockes and light shoes.
So that the buskin in Poetry is used for tragical matter, as is
said in Virgile. Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.
And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.

Queint) strange Bellona; the goddesse of battaile, that is Pallas,
which may therefore wel be called queint for that (as Lucian
saith) when Jupiter hir father was in traveile of her, he caused
his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head. Out of which
leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, 290
whom seeing Vulcane so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her,
proffered her some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shaken
her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such
straungenesse is well applied to her.

Æquipage.) order. Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. For Charmes were wont to be made
by verses as Ovid sayth. Aut si carminibus.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that
Poetry is a divine instinct and unnatural rage passing the reache 300
of comen reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos as
admiring the excellencye of the skyll whereof in Cuddie hee
hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

THE RUINES OF TIME

Lines 183-231 : 281-371 : 400-55 : 673-86

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
 A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
 Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace ;
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosome of his Soveraine,
 And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one 190
 Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare.
 I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare :
 Scarce anie left to close his eylids neare ;
 Scarce anie left upon his lips to laie
 The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to saie.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,
 That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
 And vainly thinke your selves halfe happie then,
 When painted faces with smooth flattering 200
 Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
 And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
 Him true in heart and trustie to you trow.

All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
 That everie shower will wash and wipe away,
 All things doo change that under heaven abide,
 And after death all friendship doth decaie.
 Therefore what ever man bearest worldlie sway,
 Living, on God, and on thy selfe relie ;
 For when thou diest, all shall with thee die. 210

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
 Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid :
 His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
 And evill men, now dead, his deeds upbraid :
 Spite bites the dead, that living never baid.
 He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
 Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
 And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
 That as a glasse upon the water shone, 220
 Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought.
 His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
 Ne anie Poet seekes him to revive ;
 Yet manie Poets honourd him alive.

Ne doth his *Colin*, carelesse *Colin Cloute*,
 Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
 Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
 Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to praise :
 Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
 Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame : 230
 Wake shepherds boy, at length awake for shame.

.
 Most gentle spirite breathed from above,
 Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
 In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
 Appeared in their native propertis,
 And did enrich that noble breast of his,
 With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
 Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite full of power divine
 And influence of all celestiall grace,
 Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime, 290
 Fled backe too soone unto his native place,

Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
 Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
 Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happie soule to heaven went
 Out of this fleshlie goale, he did devise
 Unto his heavenlie maker to present
 His bodie, as a spotles sacrificise ;
 And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
 Should powre forth th'offring of his guiltles blood : 300
 So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
 The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new joy,
 Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
 With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
 But where thou dost that happines enjoy,
 Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
 That happie there I maie thee alwaies see.

Yet whilst the fates affoord me vitall breath,
 I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
 And sing to thee, untill that timelie death
 By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies :
 Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
 And into me that sacred breath inspire,
 Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

310

Then will I sing : but who can better sing,
 Than thine owne sister, peerles Ladie bright,
 Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
 Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
 That her to heare I feele my feeble spright
 Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy,
 O sad joy made of mourning and anoy.

320

Yet will I sing : but who can better sing,
Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selves valiance,
That whilst thou livedst, madest the forrests ring,
And fields resownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischaunce,
To runne thy shrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare :
O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were.

But now more happie thou, and wretched wee, 330
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Elisian* fields so free,
With *Orpheus*, and with *Linus*, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes rejoyce,
Conversest, and doost heare their heavenlie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.

So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship, mongst that blessed throng 340
Of heavenlie Poets and Heroes strong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And everie where through excellent desart.

But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was, ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes ever lie,
Unles they mentioend be with infamie. 350

What booteth it to have been rich alive ?
What to be great ? what to be gracious ?
When after death no token doth survive,

Of former being in this mortall hous,
 But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious,
 Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrels is,
 And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

How manie great ones may remembered be,
 Which in their daies most famouslie did flourish ?
 Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see, 360
 But as things wipt out with a sponge to perishe,
 Because they living, cared not to cherishe
 No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
 Which might their names for ever memorize.

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live,
 That of the *Muses* ye may friended bee,
 Which unto men eternitie do give ;
 For they be daughters of Dame memorie,
 And *Jove* the father of eternitie,
 And do those men in golden thrones repose, 370
 Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

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For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne, 400
 And thoughts of men do as themselves decay,
 But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
 Recorded by the *Muses*, live for ay ;
 Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
 Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
 Nor age, nor envie shall them ever wast.

In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine
 Seeke with Pyramides, to heaven aspired ;
 Or huge Colosses, built with costlie paine ;
 Or brasen Pillours, never to be fired, 410

Or Shrines, made of the mettall most desired ;
To make their memories for ever live :
For how can mortall immortalitie give ?

Such one *Mausolus* made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine :
Such one *Marcellus*, but was torne with thunder :
Such one *Lisippus*, but is worne with raine :
Such one King *Edmond*, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine moniments to earthlie masse,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe. 420

But fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away :
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on *Pegasus* must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

For not to have been dipt in *Lethe* lake,
Could save the sonne of *Thetis* from to die ;
But that blinde bard did him immortall make 430
With verses, dipt in deaw of *Castalie* :
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound.

Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good *Melibæ*, that hath a Poet got,
To sing his living praises being dead,
Deserving never here to be forgot,
In spite of envie, that his deeds would spot :
Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded, 440
And men of armes doo wander unrewarded

Those two be those two great calamities,
 That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
 Of *Salomon* with great indignities ;
 Who whilome was alive the wisest wight.
 But now his wisdom is disprooved quite ;
 For he that now welds all things at his will,
 Scorns th'one and th'other in his deeper skill.

O grieve of griefes, O gall of all good heartes,
 To see that vertue should dispised bee
 Of him, that first was raisde for vertuous parts,
 And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
 Lets none shoot up, that nigh him planted bee :
 O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
 Nor alive, nor dead be of the Muse adorned.

450

.
L'Envoy.

Immortall spirite of *Philisides*,
 Which now art made the heavens ornament,
 That whilome wast the worlds chiefst riches ;
 Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament
 His losse, by lacke of thee to heaven hent,
 And with last duties of this broken verse,
 Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable Herse.

And ye faire Ladie th'honor of your daies, 680
 And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorne ;
 Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise,
 With some few silver dropping teares t'adorne :
 And as ye be of heavenlie off spring borne,
 So unto heaven let your high minde aspire,
 And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds desire.

COLIN. CLOVTS
Come home againe.

By Ed. Spencer.



LONDON
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COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAINE

Lines 1-79: 178-211: 308-455: 660-730: 931-55

Raleigh's Visit to Spenser

THE shepherds boy (best knowen by that name
That after *Tityrus* first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,
The shepherd swaines that did about him play:
Who all the while with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders sound.
At last when as he piped had his fill, 10
He rested him: and sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a jolly groome was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepherd dearest in degree,
Hight *Hobbinol*) gan thus to him areed.

Colin my lief, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepherds nation by thy lacke?
And I poore swaine of many greatest crosse:
That sith thy *Muse* first since thy turning backe
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye, 20
Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,
And all their birds with silence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with languour did lament:
But now both woods and fields, and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment 30
That us late dead, hast made againe alive:

But were it not too painfull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell.

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus,
Hobbin thou temptest me to that I covet :

For of good passed newly to discus,

By dubble usurie doth twise renew it.

And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,

Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,

My mind full of my thoughts satietie,

Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight :

Since that same day in nought I take delight,

Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,

But in remembrance of that glorious bright,

My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.

Wake then my pipe, my sleepe *Muse* awake,

Till I have told her praises lasting long :

Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake,

Harke then ye jolly shepheards to my song.

With that they all gan throng about him neare,

With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie :

The whiles their flocks devoyd of dangers feare,

Did round about them feed at libertie.

One day (quoth he) I sat, (as was my trade)

Under the foote of *Mole* that mountaine hore,

Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,

Of the greene alders by the *Mullaes* shore :

There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out, 60

Whether allured with my pipes delight,

Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,

Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right :

Whom when I asked from what place he came,

And how he hight, himselfe he did yleepe,

The shepheard of the Ocean by name,

And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
 He sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit,
 And when he heard the musicke which I made, 70
 He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it :
 Yet æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
 My pipe before that æmuled of many,
 And plaid theron ; (for well that skill he cond)
 Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
 He pip'd, I sung ; and when he sung, I piped,
 By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery,
 Neither envying other, nor envied,
 So piped we, untill we both were weary.

When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
 (Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,
 He gan to cast great lyking to my lore, 180
 And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot :
 That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
 Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
 The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld mee,
 Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
 And wend with him, his *Cynthia* to see :
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.
 Besides her peerlesse skill in making well
 And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 Such as all womankynd did far excell : 190
 Such as the world admyr'd and praised it :
 So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
 He me perswaded forth with him to fare :
 Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill :
 Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
 So to the sea we came ; the sea ? that is
 A world of waters heaped up on hie,
 Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,

Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.

And is the sea (quoth *Coridon*) so fearfull? 200

Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear :
Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping direfull
Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.

Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,

Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,

And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,

Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.

And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,

Bold men presuming life for gaine to sell,

Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes 210

Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to hell.

Queen Elizabeth and her Poets

Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more

(Quoth he) abound in that same land, then this.

For there all happie peace and plenteous store 310

Conspire in one to make contented blisse :

No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,

No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,

No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,

No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries ;

The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,

On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger :

No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,

Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.

There learned arts do florish in great honor, 320

And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price :

Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,

Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.

For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,

Had people grace it gratefully to use :

For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,

But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse.

But say on further, then said *Corylas*,
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded.

Foordth on our voyage we by land did passe, 330
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still us guyded,
Untill that we to *Cynthiaes* presence came :
Whose glorie, greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame ;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought :
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies
Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffadillies ;
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true, 340
In which all colours of the rainbow bee ;
Or like faire *Phebes* garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke by paragone
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine :
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I base shepheard bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?
More fit it is t'adore with humble mind, 350
The image of the heavens in shape humane.

With that *Alexis* broke his tale asunder,
Saying, By wondring at thy *Cynthiaes* praise,
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
And her upraising, doest thy selfe upraise.
But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange, thy cause advanced ?

The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that Goddess grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare, 360
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,

And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight.
 For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
 And wondrous worth she mott my simple song,
 But joyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
 Worth harkening to, emongst the learned throng.

Why? (said *Alexis* then) what needeth shee
 That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
 And hath so many shepheards in her fee, 370
 To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?
 Or be the shepheards which do serve her laesie,
 That they list not their mery pipes applie?
 Or be their pipes untunable and craesie,
 That they cannot her honour worthylie?

Ah nay (said *Colin*) neither so, nor so:
 For better shepheards be not under skie,
 Nor better hable, when they list to blow
 Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
 There is good *Harpalus*, now woxen aged 380
 In faithfull service of faire *Cynthia*:
 And there is *Corydon* though meanly waged,
 Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
 And there is sad *Alcyon* bent to mourne,
 Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
 Whose gentle spright for *Daphnes* death doth tourn
 Sweet layes of love to endlesse plaints of pittie.
 Ah pensive boy pursue that brave conceipt,
 In thy sweet Eglantine of *Meriflure*,
 Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height, 390
 That may thy *Muse* and mates to mirth allure.
 There eke is *Palin* worthie of great praise,
 Albe he envie at my rustick quill:
 And there is pleasing *Alcon*, could he raise

His tunes from laies to matter of more skill.
And there is old *Palemon* free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew :
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is *Alabaster* throughly taught, 400
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few :
Yet were he knowne to *Cynthia* as he ought,
His Eliseïs would be redde anew.
Who lives that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made ?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade :
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun :
That when he finisht hath as it should be, 410
No braver Poeme can be under Sun.
Nor *Po* nor *Tyburns* swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of *Greece* so highly praised,
Can match that *Muse* when it with bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse :
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse.
Yet doth his trembling *Muse* but lowly flie, 420
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly *Daniell*,
And to what course thou please thy selfe advance :
But most me seemes, thy accent will excell,
In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that shepheard of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in loves consuming smart :

Full sweetly tempred is that *Muse* of his
 That can empierce a Princes mightie hart. 430
 There also is (ah no, he is not now)
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
 Having his *Amaryllis* left to mone.
 Helpe, O ye shepheards helpe ye all in this,
 Helpe *Amaryllis* this her losse to mourne :
 Her losse is yours, your losse *Amyntas* is,
Amyntas floure of shepheards pride forlorne :
 He whilest he lived was the noblest swaine, 440
 That ever piped in an oaten quill :
 Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
 And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
 And there though last not least is *Action*,
 A gentler shepherd may no where be found :
 Whose *Muse* full of high thoughts invention,
 Doth like himselfe Heroically sound.
 All these, and many others mo remaine,
 Now after *Astrofell* is dead and gone :
 But while as *Astrofell* did live and raine, 450
 Amongst all these was none his Paragone.
 All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
 And do their *Cynthia* immortall make :
 Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
 Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.

The Misery of Court Life

Happie indeed (said *Colin*) I him hold, 660
 That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
 Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
 Which still are wont most happie states t'annoy :
 But I by that which little while I proved :
 Some part of those enormities did see,

The which in Court continually hooved,
 And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
 Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes
 Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
 Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
 Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
 But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
 Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
 Then having learnd repentance late, to mourne
 Emongst those wretches which I there descryde.

670

Shepherd (said *Thestylis*) it seemes of sight
 Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
 Which thou enviest, rather then of right
 That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie.

Cause have I none (quoth he) of cancred will
 To quite them ill, that me demeand so well :
 But selfe-regard of private good or ill,
 Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell,
 And eke to warne yong shepherds wandring wit,
 Which through report of that lives painted blisse,
 Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
 And leave their lambes to losse, misled amisse.
 For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
 For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,
 To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
 Himselfe to raise : and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitfull wit,
 In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
 Either by slaundring his well deemed name,
 Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie :
 Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
 By creeping close into his secrecie ;
 To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
 Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,

700

A filed tounge furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines,
And there professours find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unlesse to please, it selfe it can applie :
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie. 710
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares :
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts, that hornes the highest beares.
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts :
But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away ; 720
Such is their glorie that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall ;
With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rowmes in bowre and hall :
Whiles single Truth and simple honestie
Do wander up and downe despys'd of all ;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call. 730

Rosalind

For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds daughters which amongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.

Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie :
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe have place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.

Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love :

940

Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieve,
And long affliction which I have endured :
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.

And ye my fellow shepherds which do see
And heare the languours of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee,

That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophe of her great conquest.

950

So having ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him uprose eke all the rest :
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

AMORETTI

i: xl: lxx: lxxv

HAPPY ye leaves when as those lilly hands,
 which hold my life in their dead doing might,
 shall handle you and hold in loves soft bands,
 lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
 And happy lines, on which with starry light,
 those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look
 and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
 written with teares in harts close bleeding book.
 And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
 of *Helicon* whence she derived is,
 when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
 my soules long lacked foode, my heavens blis.
 Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
 whom if ye please, I care for other none.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheare,
 and tell me whereto can ye lyken it:
 when on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
 an hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
 Lykest it seemeth in my simple wit
 unto the fayre sunshine in somers day:
 that when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
 thrugh the broad world doth spred his goodly ray:
 At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
 and every beast that to his den was fled
 comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 and to the light lift up theyr drouping hed.
 So my storme beaten hart likewise is cheared,
 with that sunshine when cloudy looks are cleared.

FRESH spring the herald of loves mighty king
in whose cote armour richly are displayd
all sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
in goodly colours gloriously arrayd.

Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the joyous time wil not be staid
unlesse she doe him by the forelock take.

Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
to wayt on love amongst his lovely crew:
where every one that misseth then her make,
shall be by him amearst with penance dew.

Make hast therefore sweet love, whilst it is prime,
for none can call againe the passed time.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
but came the waves and washed it away:
agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.

Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
a mortall thing so to immortalize,
for I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
and eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.

Not so, (quod I) let baser things devise
to dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
and in the hevens wryte your glorious name.

Where whenas death shall all the world subdew
our love shall live, and later life renew.

EPITHALAMION

YE learned sisters which have oftentimes
 Beene to me ayding, others to adorne :
 Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
 To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
 But joyed in theyr prayse.
 And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
 Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
 And teach the woods and waters to lament 10
 Your dolefull dreriment.

Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
 And having all your heads with girland crownd,
 Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound,
 Ne let the same of any be envide :
 So Orpheus did for his owne bride,
 So I unto my selfe alone will sing,
 The woods shall to me answer and my Eccho ring.

Early before the worlds light giving lampe,
 His golden beame upon the hils doth spread, 20
 Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
 Doe ye awake, and with fresh lusty hed,
 Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
 My truest turtle dove,
 Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
 And long since ready forth his maske to move,
 With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In theyr fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore and soone her dight, 30
 For lo the wished day is come at last,
 That shall for al the paynes and sorrowes past,

Pay to her usury of long delight :
And whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene :
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
Al with gay girlands goodly wel besene. 40
And let them also with them bring in hand,
Another gay girland
For my fayre love of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along, 50
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt,
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer and your Eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla which with carefull heed,
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake, 60
Where none doo fishes take,
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.

And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the deere,
 That on the hoary mountayne use to towre,
 And the wylde wolves which seeke them to deuoure,
 With your steele darts doo chace from comming neer 70
 Be also present heere,
 To helpe to decke her and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

Wake, now my love, awake ; for it is time,
 The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
 All ready to her silver coche to clyme,
 And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
 Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
 And carroll of loves praise.
 The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft, 80
 The thrush replyes, the Mavis descant playes,
 The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
 To this dayes merriment.
 Ah my deere love why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T'awayt the comming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the birds lovelearned song,
 The deawy leaves among.
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing, 90
 That all the woods them answer and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame,
 And her fayre eyes like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
 More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
 Come now ye damzels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight,
 But first come ye fayre houres which were begot
 In Joves sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
 Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot, 100

And al that ever in this world is fayre
Doe make and still repayre.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride :
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene,
And as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer and your eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come, 110
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
And ye fresh boyes that tend upon her groome
Prepare your selves ; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray
Fit for so joyfull day,
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun, shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace. 120

O fayrest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse,
But let this day let this one day be myne,
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

Harke how the Minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far, 130
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels smyte,

And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite,
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce.
Hymen io Hymen, Hymen they do shout, 140
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill,
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance doe thereto applaud
And loud advaunce her laud,
And evermore they Hymen Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer and theyr eccho ring.

Loe where she comes along with portly pace
Lyke Phœbe from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race, 150
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres a tweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes abashed to behold
So many gazers, as on her do stare, 160
Upon the lowly ground affixed are.
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing.
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.
Tell me ye merchants daughters did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before,

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues store, 170
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lylies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending uppe with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre. 180
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze.
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer and your eccho ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed. 190
There dwels sweet love and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modesty,
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone.
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will,
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approuch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures, 200
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to recyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.

With trembling steps and humble reverence, 210
She commeth in, before th'almighties vew,
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to th'high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throates 220
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere and their eccho ring.

Behold whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne,
That even th'Angels which continually,
About the sacred Altare doe remaine, 230
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face that seemes more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.

Why blush ye love to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing, 240
That all the woods may answere and your eccho ring.

Now al is done; bring home the bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this live long day,
This day for ever to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay, 250
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest;
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne, 261
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chieftest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was, 270
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,

And shortest night, when longest fitter weare :
 Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
 Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
 And bonefiers make all day,
 And daunce about them, and about them sing :
 that all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

 Ah when will this long weary day have end,
 And lende me leave to come unto my love ?
 How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend ? 280
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move ?
 Hast thee O fayrest Planet to thy home
 Within the Westerne fome :
 Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
 And the bright evening star with golden creast
 Appeare out of the East.
 Fayre childe of beauty, glorious lampe of love
 That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
 And guydest lovers through the nightes dread, 290
 How chearefully thou lookest from above,
 And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light
 As joying in the sight
 Of these glad many which for joy doe sing,
 That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

 Now ceasse ye damsels your delights forepast ;
 Enough is it, that all the day was youres :
 Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast :
 Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
 Now night is come, now soone her disaray, 300
 And in her bed her lay ;
 Lay her in lillies and in violets,
 And silken courteins over her display,
 And odour'd sheetes, and Arras coverlets.
 Behold how goodly my faire love does iy

In proud humility ;

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.

310

Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing :
The woods no more shal answere, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye :
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see,

320

And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy :

But let the night be calme and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray :
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome :

Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Majesty.

330

And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing :
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within nor yet without :
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights
Make sudden sad affrights ;

Ne let housefyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes, 340
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not.

Let not the shriech Oule, nor the Storke be heard :
Nor the night Raven that still deadly yels,
Nor damned ghosts cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard :
Ne let th'unpleasant Quayre of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking. 350
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night watches keepe,
That sacred peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne,
The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves, 360
Their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.

Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will,
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day :
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing, 370
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes ?
Or whose is that faire face, that shines so bright,

Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleeps,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?
O fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of woll, which privily,
The Latmian shephard once unto thee brought, 380
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answeare, nor our Eccho ring.

And thou great Juno, which with awful might 390
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize:
And eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine, 400
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou fayre Hebe, and thou Hymen free,
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shal answer, nor your Eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright 410
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods,
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light ;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse,
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount, 420
And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing.
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring.
Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have bene dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect, 430
But promist both to recompens,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE

AN whither, Love, wilt thou now carrie mee ?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee ?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindest much more great desyre,
And up aloft above my strength doest rayse
The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I earst in praise of thine owne name,
 So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
 An honourable Hymne I eke should frame ; 10
 And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
 The ravisht harts of gazefull men might reare,
 To admiration of that heavenly light,
 From whence proceeds such soule enchaunting might.

Therto do thou great Goddesse, queene of Beauty,
 Mother of love, and of all worlds delight,
 Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty,
 Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
 Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light,
 T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyne, 20
 And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
 And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame,
 Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
 That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
 It may so please that she at length will streame
 Some dew of grace, into my withered hart,
 After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT time this worlds great workmaister did cast
 To make al things, such as we now behold, 30
 It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
 A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
 He fashioned them as comely as he could ;
 That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
 As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous Paterne wheresoere it bee,
 Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
 Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
 With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
 Is perfect Beautie which all men adore, 40

idea of 'Absolute' - i.e. perfect

Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes,
Or more or lesse by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,
Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestiall powre, 50
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seeme to please. That is thy souveraine might,
O *Cyprian* Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe, which shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre, 60
And robs the harts of those which it admyre,
Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe ydle wits invent,
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition. 70

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
 That it can pierce through th'eyes unto the hart,
 And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
 As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
 Or can proportion of the outward part,
 Move such affection in the inward mynd,
 That it can rob both sense and reason blynd?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
 Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
 And to the sense most daintie odours yield, 80
 Worke like impression in the lookers vew?
 Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
 In which oftimes, we Nature see of Art
 Exceld, in perfect limming every part.

But ah, beleeeve me, there is more then so
 That workes such wonders in the minds of men.
 I that have often prov'd, too well it know;
 And who so list the like assayes to ken,
 Shall find by tryall, and confesse it then,
 That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme, 90
 An outward shew of things, that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
 With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal decay,
 And those sweete rosy leaves so fairely spred
 Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
 To that they were, even to corrupted clay.
 That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright
 Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
 That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers fire, 100
 Shall never be extinguisht nor decay,
 But when the vitall spirits doe expyre,

Unto her native planet shall retyre,
For it is heavenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heavens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light 110
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through every part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th'heavenly riches, which she robd erewhyle.

Therof it comes, that these faire soules, which have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light, 121
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
Their fleshly bowre most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a souveraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene,
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight 130
With chearefull grace and amiable sight.
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take :
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where ever that thou doest behold
 A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
 Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
 A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
 Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed.
 For all that faire is, is by nature good ;
 That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

140

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mynd
 Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
 Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
 Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
 Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
 That will not yield unto her formes direction,
 But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles (ay me the more to rew)
 That goodly beautie, albe heavenly borne,
 Is foule abusd, and that celestially hew,
 Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
 Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne ;
 Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
 But every one doth seeke, but to deprave it.

150

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
 But theirs that do abuse it unto ill :
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
 May be corrupt, and wrested unto will.
 Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
 How ever fleshes fault it filthy make :
 For things immortall no corruption take.

160

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
 And lively images of heavens light,
 Let not your beames with such disparagements
 Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight :
 But mindfull still of your first countries sight,

Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloiall lust, faire beauties foulest blame, 170
That base affections, which your eares would bland,
Commend to you by loves abused name ;
But is indeede the bondslave of defame,
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your bright shyning starre.

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display, 180
Like as two mirrours by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches, which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may,
For else what booteth that celestially ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never ?

But in your choice of Loves, this well advize, 190
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt :
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is no love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do jarre.

For Love is a celestiall harmonie,
 Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
 Which joyne together in sweete sympathie,
 To worke ech others joy and true content, 200
 Which they have harbourd since their first descent
 Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
 And know ech other here belov'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
 Should in loves gentle band combyned bee,
 But those whom heaven did at first ordaine,
 And made out of one mould the more t'agree :
 For all that like the beautie which they see,
 Streight do not love : for love is not so light,
 As streight to burne at first beholders sight. 210

But they which love indeede, looke otherwise,
 With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
 Drawing out of the object of their eyes,
 A more refyned forme, which they present
 Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment .
 Which it reducing to her first perfection,
 Beholdeth free from fleshs frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
 Which in it selfe it hath remaining still
 Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight, 220
 Thereof he fashions in his higher skill,
 An heavenly beautie to his fancies will,
 And it embracing in his mind entyre,
 The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
 As outward it appeareth to the eye,
 And with his spirits proportion to agree,
 He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
 And fully setteth his felicitie,

Counting it fairer, then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth excede.

230

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of loves still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their litle fierie launces,
Whom having wounded, backe againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe ;
Who seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect.

240

In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their concept, that others never see,
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feede,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee ;
But when her words embassade forth she sends,
Lord how sweete musicke that unto them lends.

250

Sometimes upon her forhead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night :
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O *Cytherea*, and thousands more
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend
To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,

260

That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
 And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend ;
 That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall
 And spred thy lovely kingdome over all.

Then *Iö tryumph*, O great beauties Queene,
 Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,
 That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
 May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie, 270
 Adore the powre of thy great Majestie,
 Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
 Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Soveraine,
 That she whose conquering beautie doth captive
 My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
 One drop of grace at length will to me give,
 That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
 And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
 May owe to her, of whom I it receaved. 280

And you faire *Venus* dearling, my deare dread,
 Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddess of my life,
 When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal read,
 Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
 That may recure my harts long pyning griefe,
 And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
 That can restore a damned wight from death.

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Dispos'd into twelue books,

Fashioning
XII. Morall vertues.



LONDON
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TO
THE MOST HIGH,
MIGHTIE
And
MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE RENOVV-
MED FOR PIETIE, VER-
TVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS
GOVERNMENT ELIZABETH BY
THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE
OF ENGLAND FRAVNCE AND
IRELAND AND OF VIRGI-
NIA, DEFENDOVR OF THE
FAITH, &c. HER MOST
HVMBLE SERVAVNT
EDMVND SPENSER
DOTH IN ALL HV-
MILITIE DEDI-
CATE, PRE-
SENT
AND CONSECRATE THESE
HIS LABOVS TO LIVE
VVITH THE ETERNI-
TIE OF HER
FAME.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

Invocation

Lo I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske, i
 As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds weeds,
 Am now enforst a far unfitter taske,
 For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
 And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds ;
 Whose prayses having slept in silence long,
 Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
 To blazon broad emongst her learned throng :
 Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

Helpe then, O holy Virgin chiefe of nine, ii
 Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will,
 Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
 The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
 Of Faerie knights and fairest *Tanaquill*,
 Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
 Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
 That I must rue his undeserved wrong :
 O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

And thou most dreaded impe of highest *Jove*, iii
 Faire *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart
 At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
 That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
 Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
 And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde :
 Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
 In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
 After his murderous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright, iv
 Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
 Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
 Like *Phæbus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughts too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile :
 The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dred a-while.

The Knight and the Lady

Book I, Canto I, i-xii

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine, i
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
 The cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield :
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore, ii
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead as living ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had :
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond, iii
 That greatest *Gloriana* to him gave,
 That greatest Glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
 To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
 And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
 To prove his puissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside, iv
 Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And over all a black stole she did throw,
 As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
 And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow:
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her in a line a milke white lamb she lad.

So pure an innocent, as that same lambe, v
 She was in life and every vertuous lore,
 And by descent from Royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held;
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag, vi
 That lasie seemd in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,

The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
 And angry *Jove* an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That every wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand, vii
 A shadie grove not far away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand :
 Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starre :
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farre :
 Faire harbour that them seemes ; so in they entred arre.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led, viii
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
 The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours ix
 And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
 The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
 The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
 The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
 The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
 The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way, x
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne ;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt, their wits be not their owne :
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare, xi
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde, xii
Least suddaine mischief ye too rash provoke :
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts : Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show : therefore your stroke
Sir knight with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Ladie (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade :
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.



The Fight with the Dragon

Book I, Canto XI

HIGH time now gan it wex for *Una* faire, i
 To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
 And their forwasted kingdome to repaire :
 Whereto whenas they now approached neare,
 With hartie words her knight she gan to cheare,
 And in her modest manner thus bespake ;
 Deare knight, as deare, as ever knight was deare,
 That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
 High heaven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

Now are we come unto my native soyle, ii
 And to the place, where all our perils dwell ;
 Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
 Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
 And ever ready for your foeman fell.
 The sparke of noble courage now awake,
 And strive your excellent selfe to excell ;
 That shall ye evermore renowned make,
 Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.

And pointing forth, lo yonder is (said she) iii
 The brasen towre in which my parents deare
 For dread of that huge feend emprisond be,
 Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare :
 And on the top of all I do espye
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
 That O my parents might I happily
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound, iv
 That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
 And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
 Eftsoones that dreadfull Dragon they espide,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
 But all so soone, as he from far describe
 Those glistring armes, that heaven with light did fill,
 He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them untill.

Then bad the knight his Lady yede aloofe, v
 And to an hill her selfe with draw aside,
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde :
 She him obayd, and turned a little wyde.
 Now O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
 Faire ympe of *Phæbus*, and his aged bride,
 The Nourse of time, and everlasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name ;

O gently come into my feeble brest, vi
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may aswage,
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd ;
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
 And scared nations doest with horreur sterne astownd.

Faire Goddess lay that furious fit aside, vii
 Till I of warres and bloody *Mars* do sing,
 And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,

That with their horreur heaven and earth did ring,
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse :
But now a while let downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand, viii
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his hast,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge wast :
As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast,
Which to increase his wondrous greatnesse more,
Was swolne with wrath, and poyson, and with bloudy gore.

And over, all with brasen scales was armd, ix
Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare ;
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shook he, that horreur was to heare,
For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

His flaggy wings when forth he did display, x
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way :
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yards, with flying canvas lynd,
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terroure great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long taylor wound up in hundred foldes, xi
Does overspred his long bras-scaly backe,
Whose wreathed boughts when ever he unfolds,
And thicke entangled knots adown does slacke,
Bespotted as with shields of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke ;
And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly sharpe, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed xii
The sharpnesse of his cruell rending clawes ;
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tounge to tell
Does tremble : for his deepe devouring jawes
Wide gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abisse all ravin fell.

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw xiii
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were
In which yet trickling bloud and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare :
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphur seare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields, xiv
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre ;
As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames farre off to every shyre,

And warning give, that enemies conspyre,
 With fire and sword the region to invade ;
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre :
 But farre within, as in hollow glade,
 Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas, xv
 Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughtie crest,
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare,
 And shoke his scales to battell readie drest ;
 That made the *Redcrosse* knight nigh quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare, xvi
 And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might :
 The pointed steele arriving rudely theare,
 His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,
 But glauncing by forth passed forward right ;
 Yet sore amoved with so puissant push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely passing by, did brush
 With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe, xvii
 And fresh encounter towards him addrest :
 But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
 To be avenged of so great despight ;
 For never felt his imperceable brest
 So wondrous force, from hand of living wight ;
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde, xviii
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting partes, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight : he cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round :
At last low stouping with unweldie sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine, xix
So farre as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine,
To let them downe before his flightes end :
As hagdard hauke presuming to contend
With hardie fowle, above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
To trusse the pray too heauie for his flight ;
Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

He so disseized of his gryping grosse, xx
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd ;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd.
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore, xxi
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedie gulfe does gape, as he would eat

His neighbour element in his revenge :
Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat,
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

The steely head stucke fast still in his flesh, xxii
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke goarie blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood ;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill.
Treble augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sense of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

His hideous taylor then hurled he about, xxiii
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knot, that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his rider : who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty bloud distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand, xxiv
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand :
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make ;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

The knight was wrath to see his stroke beguyld, xxv
And smote againe with more outrageous might ;
But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke, where it did light ;
As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to stye above the ground ;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

Then full of grieve and anguish vehement, xxvi
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made affeard :
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his bodie seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave and helmet to unlace.

Not that great Champion of the antique world, xxvii
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
With *Centaures* bloud, and bloudie verses charm'd,
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that earst him arm'd,
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

Faint, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent xxviii
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire
That never man such mischiefes did torment ;
Death better were, death did he oft desire,

But death will never come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdie sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

It fortun'd (as faire it then befell) xxix
Behind his backe unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happie land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

For unto life the dead it could restore, xxx
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Jordan* did excell,
And th'English *Bath*, and eke the german *Spau*,
Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this well:
Into the same the knighte backe overthrowen, fell.

Now gan the golden *Phæbus* for to steepe xxxi
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest,
When that infernall Monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advance his broad discoloured brest,
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensive Ladie saw from farre, xxxii
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her daintie limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan early to appeare, xxxiii
That *Titan* rose to runne his daily race;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire *Titans* deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

At last she saw, where he upstarte brave xxxiv
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe, still as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy, xxxv
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.

He, now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalpe so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

I wote not, whether the revenging steele xxxvi
Were hardned with that holy water dew,
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew ;
Or other secret vertue did ensew ;
Else never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall in his bloud embrew :
For till that stownd could never wight him harme,
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore, xxxvii
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine ;
As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine :
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine ;
Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

The same advauncing high above his head, xxxviii
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behot :
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got :
The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeasd.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare, xxxix
 Then of the grievous smart, which him did wring,
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
 And strove to loose the farre infixed sting :
 Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge taile he quite a sunder cleft,
 Five joynts thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes, xl
 With foule enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skyes,
 That all was covered with darknesse dire :
 Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
 He cast at once him to avenge for all,
 And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
 With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

Much was the man encombred with his hold, xli
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yet, how his talants to unfold ;
 Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedie jaw
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reave by strength the griped gage away :
 Thrise he assayd it from his foot to draw,
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
 It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile, xlii
 His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,

That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid ;
As sparckles from the Andvile use to fly,
When heavie hammers on the wedge are swaid
Therewith at last he forst him to untie
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foot, fast fixed on his shield, xliii
Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constrain
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smot thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissance might sustaine ;
Upon the joynt the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine ;
The paw yet missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For grieve thereof, and divelish despight, xliv
From his infernall fournae forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew ;
As burning *Aetna* from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence xlv
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his bodie from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoyled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside, xlvii
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
 As they in pure vermillion had beene dide,
 Whereof great vertues over all were red :
 For happie life to all, which thereon fed,
 And life eke everlasting did befall :
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted
 With his almightie hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be found, xlviii
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof who so did eat, eftsoones did know
 Both good and ill : O mornefull memory :
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well, xlix
 A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
 And daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertill plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine :
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
 And deadly woundes could heale, and reare againe
 The senselesse corse appointed for the grave.
 Into that same he fell : which did from death him save.

For nigh thereto the ever damned beast l
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And all that life preserved, did detest :
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.

By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth, and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

When gentle *Una* saw the second fall 1
Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,
And faint through losse of bloud, mov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray ;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

The joyous day gan early to appeare, li
And faire *Aurora* from the deawy bed
Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,
With rosie cheekes, for shame as blushing red ;
Her golden lockes for haste were loosely shed
About her eares, when *Una* did her marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heaven high to chase the chearelesse darke ;
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly up arose the doughtie knight, lii
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battell readie dight ;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare ;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advanced neare.

And in his first encounter, gaping wide, liii
 He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
 And rusht upon him with outrageous pride ;
 Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
 Taking advantage of his open jaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
 That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
 And back retyrd, his life bloud forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath, liv
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift ;
 So downe he fell, that th'earth him underneath
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift ;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
 Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
 With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
 And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth dismay ;
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall, lv
 So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd ;
 And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeem'd,
 But yet at last, when as the direfull feend
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
 She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end :
 Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
 That had atchiev'd so great a conquest by his might.

After the Fight

Book I, Canto XII, ii-xiii, xxi-xxiii, xxxvii-xi

SCARSELY had *Phæbus* in the glooming East ii
 Yet harnessed his firie-footed teeme,
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
 Unto the watchman on the castle wall ;
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
 And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
 To tell, how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

Uprose with hastie joy, and feeble speed iii
 That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet, if true indeede
 Those tydings were, as he did understand,
 Which whenas true by tryall he out fond,
 He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
 Which long time had bene shut, and out of hond
 Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state ;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant Trompets sound on hie, iv
 That sent to heaven the ecchoed report
 Of their new joy, and happie victorie
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solcmne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene, v
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
 And sad habiliments right well beseene ;
 A noble crew about them waited round

Of sage and sober Peres, all gravely gownd ;
 Whom farre before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand ;
 Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came, vi
 And him before themselves prostrating low,
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
 And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
 Soone after them all dauncing on a row
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene do grow,
 When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light :
 And in their hands sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

And them before, the fry of children young vii
 Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
 And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels sung
 In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
 And made delightfull musicke all the way,
 Untill they came, where that faire virgin stood ;
 As faire *Diana* in fresh sommers day
 Beholds her Nymphes, enraung'd in shadie wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

So she beheld those maydens meriment viii
 With chearefull vew ; who when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame :
 Then on her head they set a girland greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game ;
 Who in her selfe-resemblance well beseene,
 Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

And after, all the raskall many ran, ix
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man :
Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some feard, and fled ; some feard and well it faynd ; x
One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed ;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed ;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

One mother, when as her foolehardie chyld xi
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her little babe revyld,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say ;
How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand ?
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray ;
Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him round about, xii
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived, where that champion stout
After his foes defeasance did remaine,

Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine,
 With princely gifts of yvorie and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his Pallace he them brings, xiii
 With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions sweet ;
 And all the way the joyous people sings,
 And with their garments strowes the paved street :
 Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet
 Of all, that royall Princes court became,
 And all the floore was underneath their feet
 Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,
 On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.

Then forth he called that his daughter faire, xxi
 The fairest *Un'* his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter, and his onely heyre ;
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
 Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
 And to the world does bring long wished light ;
 So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in sight.

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ; xxii
 For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
 And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
 Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
 Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride ;
 And on her now a garment she did weare,
 All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,
 That seemd like silke nor silver woven neare,
 But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame, xxiii
 And glorious light of her sunshyny face
 To tell, were as to strive against the streame.
 My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
 Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
 Ne wonder ; for her owne deare loved knight,
 All were she dayly with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestiall sight :
 Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit, xxxvii
 That none but death for ever can devide ;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
 The housling fire did kindle and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinckled wide ;
 At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
 And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine, xxxviii
 And made great feast to solemnize that day ;
 They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray :
 And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
 Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull Melancholy ;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noise xxxix
 Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
 Singing before th'eternall majesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye ;

Yet wist no creature, whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reft of his sences meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great joy was made that day of young and old, xl
 And solemne feast proclaimd throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told :
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,
 And ever, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

The Cave of Mammon

Book II, Canto VII, xxi—xxxiii

At length they came into a larger space, xxi
 That stretcht it selfe into an ample plaine,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That streight did lead to *Plutoes* griesly raine :
 By that wayes side, there sate infernall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife :
 The one in hand an yron whip did straine,
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On thother side in one consort there sate, xxii
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
 But gnawing Gealousie out of their sight

Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horrour with grim hew, xxiii
Did alwayes sore, beating his yron wings ;
And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings ;
Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint a sunder could have rift :
Which having ended, after him she flyeth swift.

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay, xxiv
By whom they passing, spake unto them nought.
But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought :
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth divide.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care, xxv
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard :
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowsie den were next ;
For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd :
Therefore his house is unto his annext ;
Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them both
betwext.

So soone as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the dore xxvi
 To him did open, and affoorded way ;
 Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* evermore,
 Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
 And ever as he went, dew watch upon him kept.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest, xxvii
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing, that likt him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untye,
 Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
 If ever he transgrest the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong, xxviii
 Like an huge cave, hewne out of rocky clift,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
 Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
 And with rich metall loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat ;
 And over them *Arachne* high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtile net,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke then Jet.

Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold, xxix
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkenesse, that none could behold
 The hew thereof : for vew of chearefull day
 Did never in that house it selfe display,

But a faint shadow of uncertain light ;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away :
Or as the Moone cloathed with clowdy night,
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene, xxx
But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong ;
On every side they placed were along.
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flog,
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word, xxxi
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
As eye of man did never see before ;
Ne ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that under ground.

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright xxxii
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then *Mammon* turning to that warriour, said ;
Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
To which all men do ayme, rich to be made :
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

Certes (said he) I n'll thine offred grace, xxxiii
 Ne to be made so happy do intend :
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 Another happinesse, another end.
 To them, that list, these base regards I lend :
 But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
 Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
 And to be Lord of those, that riches have,
 Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile slave.

The Powers of the Mind

Book II, Canto IX, xlvii-lvii

NE can I tell, ne can I stay to tell xlvii
 This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,
 That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre,
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were diverse roomes, and diverse stages,
 But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

Not he, whom *Greece*, the Nourse of all good arts, xlviii
 By *Phæbus* doome, the wisest thought alive,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts :
 Nor that sage *Pylia*n syre, which did survive
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
 By whose advise old *Priams* cittie fell,
 With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
 These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
 And counselled faire *Alma*, how to governe well.

The first of them could things to come foresee : xlix
 The next could of things present best advise ;
 The third things past could keepe in memoree,
 So that no time, nor reason could arize,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 For thy the first did in the forepart sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke prejudize :
 He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit,
 That never idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

His chamber was disapointed all within, 1
 With sundry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin ;
 Some such as in the world were never yit,
 Ne can devized be of mortall wit ;
 Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,
 Such as in idle fantasies doe flit :
 Infernall Hags, *Centaurs*, feendes, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, Lions, *Ægles*, Owles, fooles, lovers, children, Dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes, li
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
 That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
 Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
 After their hives with honny do abound :
 All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
 Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies ;
 And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Emongst them all sate he, which wonned there, lii
 That hight *Phantastes* by his nature trew ;
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
 Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
 That him full of melancholy did shew :

Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd : one by his vew
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique *Saturne* sate in the house of agonyes.

Whom *Alma* having shewed to her guesates, liii
 Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gestes,
 Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
 Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals ;
 All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

Of those that roome was full, and them among liv
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That through continuall practise and usage,
 He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
 Great pleasure had those stranger knights, to see
 His goodly reason, and grave personage,
 That his disciples both desir'd to bee ;
 But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old, lv
 And therefore was removed farre behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declind ;
 And therein sate an old oldman, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompenst him with a better scorse :
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

This man of infinite remembrance was, lvi
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still, as they did pas,

Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
 As all things else, the which this world doth weld,
 But laid them up in his immortall scrine,
 Where they for ever incorrupted dweld :
 The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* divine.

The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his, lvii
 Ne yet *Mathusalem*, though longest liv'd ;
 For he remembred both their infancies :
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
 Of native strength now, that he them surviv'd.
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
 And old records from auncient times deriv'd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolles,
 That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

The Garden of Adonis

Book III, Canto VI, xxx—xlii

IN that same Gardin all the goodly flowres, xxx
 Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie,
 And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
 Are fetcht : there is the first seminarie
 Of all things, that are borne to live and die,
 According to their kindes. Long worke it were,
 Here to account the endlesse progenie
 Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there ;
 But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old, xxxi
 And girt in with two walles on either side ;
 The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
 That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride :
 And double gates it had, which opened wide,

By which both in and out men moten pas ;
Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride :
Old *Genius* the porter of them was,
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend, xxxii
All that to come into the world desire ;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require,
That he with fleshly weedes would them attire :
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe returned beene, xxxiii
They in that Gardin planted be againe ;
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine ;
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world againe,
Till thither they returne, where first they grew :
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sow, xxxiv
To plant or prune : for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mightie word,
Which first was spoken by th'Almightie lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply :
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds to moysten their roots dry ;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred, xxxv
 And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
 And every sort is in a sundry bed
 Set by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew:
 Some fit for reasonable soules t'indew,
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
 And all the fruitfull spawn of fishes hew
 In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
 That seem'd the *Ocean* could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent xxxvi
 Into the world, it to replenish more;
 Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
 But still remaines in everlasting store,
 As it at first created was of yore.
 For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
 In hatefull darkenesse and in deepe horrore,
 An huge eternall *Chaos*, which supplies
 The substances of natures fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch, xxxvii
 And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
 Which when as forme and feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a bodie, and doth then invade
 The state of life, out of the griesly shade.
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so,
 Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
 Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
 But chaunged is, and often altred to and fro.

The substance is not chaunged, nor altered, xxxviii
 But th'only forme and outward fashion;
 For every substance is conditioned
 To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,

Meet for her temper and complexion :
 For formes are variable and decay,
 By course of kind, and by occasion ;
 And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest, xxxix
 That in the *Gardin* of *Adonis* springs,
 Is wicked *Time*, who with his scyth addrest,
 Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
 Where they doe wither, and are fowly mard :
 He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings
 Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
 Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent, xl
 To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight :
 And their great mother *Venus* did lament
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight :
 Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,
 When walking through the *Gardin*, them she spyde,
 Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.
 For all that lives, is subject to that law :
 All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

But were it not, that *Time* their troubler is, xli
 All that in this delightfull *Gardin* growes,
 Should happie be, and have immortall blis :
 For here all plentie, and all pleasure flowes,
 And sweet love gentle fits emongst them throwes,
 Without fell rancor, or fond gealosie ;
 Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
 Each bird his mate, ne any does envie
 Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there xlii
Continuall, both meeting at one time :
For both the boughes doe laughing blossomes beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton Prime,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clime,
Which seeme to labour under their fruits lode :
The whiles the joyous birdes make their pastime
Emongst the shadie leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

The Masque of Cupid

Book III, Canto XII, i-xxvii

THO when as chearelesse Night ycovered had i
Faire heaven with an universall cloud,
That every wight dismayd with darknesse sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shroud,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory ;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever, when some foe she might descry.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose, ii
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt ;
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyance fild the fearefull sted,
From the fourth houre of night until the sixt ;
Yet the bold *Britonesse* was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew iii
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,

As it with mightie levers had bene tore :
 And forth issewd, as on the ready flore
 Of some Theatre, a grave personage,
 That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
 With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
 Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand, iv
 As if in mind he somewhat had to say,
 And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
 In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
 By lively actions he gan bewray
 Some argument of matter passioned ;
 Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
 And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd, still standing all this vewd, v
 And merveild at his strange intendiment ;
 With that a joyous fellowship issewd
 Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,
 With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
 All which together sung full chearefully
 A lay of loves delight, with sweet concent :
 After whom marcht a jolly company,
 In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

The whiles a most delitious harmony, vi
 In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
 That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
 The feeble senses wholly did confound,
 And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround :
 And when it ceast, shrill trompets loud did bray,
 That their report did farre away rebound,
 And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
 The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

The first was *Fancy*, like a lovely boy, vii
 Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare ;
 Matchable either to that ympe of *Troy*,
 Whom *Jove* did love, and chose his cup to beare,
 Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
 To great *Alcides*, that when as he dyde,
 He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
 And every wood, and every valley wyde
 He fild with *Hylas* name ; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cryde.

His garment neither was of silke nor say, viii
 But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sunburnt *Indians* do aray
 Their tawney bodies, in their proudest plight :
 As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
 That by his gate might easily appeare ;
 For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
 And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
 That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and there.

And him beside marcht amorous *Desyre*, ix
 Who seemd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaine,
 Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,
 And gave him being, commune to them twaine :
 His garment was disguised very vaine,
 And his embrodered Bonet sat awry ;
 Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did straine,
 Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
 That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad x
 In a discolour'd cote, of straunge disguyse,
 That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
 And sleeves dependant *Albanese*-wyse :

He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
 And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
 Or that the flore to shrink he did avyse,
 And on a broken reed he still did stay
 His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard theron he lay.

With him went *Daunger*, cloth'd in ragged weed, xi
 Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
 Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
 Straunge horror, to deforme his griesly shade ;
 A net in th'one hand, and a rustie blade
 In th'other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap ;
 With th'one his foes he threatned to invade,
 With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap :
 For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

Next him was *Feare*, all arm'd from top to toe, xii
 Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
 But feard each shadow moving to and fro,
 And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As ashes pale of hew, and wingheeld ;
 And evermore on daunger fixt his eye,
 Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brasen shield,
 Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went *Hope* in rancke, a handsome Mayd, xiii
 Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold ;
 In silken samite she was light arayd,
 And her faire lockes were woven up in gold ;
 She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water Sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
 With which she sprinckled favours manifold,
 On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
 Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

And after them *Dissemblance*, and *Suspect* xiv
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire :
 For she was gentle, and of milde aspect,
 Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
 Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire :
 Yet was that all but painted, and purloyned,
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire :
 Her deedes were forged, and her words false coynd,
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

But he was foule, ill favoured, and grim, xv
 Under his eyebrowes looking still askaunce ;
 And ever as *Dissemblance* laught on him,
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce ;
 Shewing his nature in his countenance ;
 His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
 But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
 Holding a lattice still before his face,
 Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did pace.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere ; xvi
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
 Downe hanging his dull head, with heavy chere,
 Yet inly being more, then seeming sad :
 A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the hart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But *Fury* was full ill appareiled xvii
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
 With ghastly lookes and dreadfull drerihed ;
 For from her backe her garments she did teare.

And from her head oft rent her snarled heare :
 In her right hand a firebrand she did tosse
 About her head, still roming here and there ;
 As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*, xviii
 He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
 And hanging downe his heavy countenance ;
 She chearefull fresh and full of joyance glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad ;
 That evill matched paire they seemd to bee :
 An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had
 Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee ;
 Thus marched these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame, xix
 Led of two grysie villeins, th'one *Despight*,
 The other cleped *Cruelty* by name :
 She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
 Had deathes owne image figurd in her face,
 Full of sad signes, fearefull to living sight ;
 Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
 And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as net ivory, xx
 Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
 Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,
 Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
 And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)
 Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixt with a deadly dart,
And in her bloud yet steeming fresh embayd :
And those two villeins, which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

xxi

Next after her the winged God himselfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous :
His blindfold eyes he bad a while unbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind ;
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell mind.

xxii

Of which full proud, himselfe up rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine ;
And did surway his goodly company :
And marshalling the evill ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his coulourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make :
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

xxiii

Behinde him was *Reproch*, *Repentance*, *Shame* ;
Reproch the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind :
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame :
Reproch despitfull, carelesse, and unkind ;

xxiv

Shame most ill favourd, bestiall, and blind :
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sigh'd, *Reproch* did scould ;
Reproch sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entwind,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold :
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout xxv
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read :
 Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
 Unquiet *Care*, and fond *Unthrifthead*,
 Lewd *Losse of Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
 Inconstant *Chaunge*, and false *Disloyaltie*,
 Consuming *Riotise*, and guilty *Dread*
 Of heavenly vengeance, faint *Infirmities*,
 Vile *Povertie*, and lastly *Death* with infamie.

There were full many moe like maladies, xxvi
 Whose names and natures I note readen well ;
 So many moe, as there be phantasies
 In wavering wemens wit, that none can tell,
 Or paines in love, or punishments in hell ;
 All which disguised marcht in masking wise,
 About the chamber with that *Damozell*,
 And then returned, having marched thrise,
 Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way xxvii
 Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast,
 Which first it opened ; and bore all away.
 Then the brave Maid, which all this while was plast
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
 Issewed forth, and went unto the dore,
 To enter in, but found it locked fast :
 In vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

Scudamour, Arthegall, and Britomart

Book IV, Canto VI, i-xli

WHAT equall torment to the grieve of mind, i
 And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
 That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts unkind,
 And nourisheth her owne consuming smart ?
 What medicine can any Leaches art
 Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
 And will to none her maladie impart ?
 Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride ;
 For which *Dan Phebus* selfe cannot a salve provide.

Who having left that restlesse house of *Care*, ii
 The next day, as he on his way did ride,
 Full of melancholie and sad misfare,
 Through misconcept ; all unawares espide
 An armed Knight under a forrest side,
 Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede ;
 Who soone as them approaching he descride,
 Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
 That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

Which *Scudamour* perceiving, forth issewed iii
 To haue rencountred him in equall race ;
 But soone as th'other nigh approaching, vewed
 The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,
 And voide his course : at which so suddain case
 He wondred much. But th'other thus can say ;
 Ah gentle *Scudamour*, unto your grace
 I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
 That almost had against you trespassed this day.

Whereunto thus *Scudamour*, Small harme it were iv
 For any knight, upon a ventrous knight
 Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
 But reade you Sir, sith ye my name have hight,

What is your owne, that I mote you requite.
 Certes (sayd he) ye mote as now excuse
 Me from discovering you my name aright :
 For time yet serves that I the same refuse,
 But call ye me the *Salvage Knight*, as others use.

Then this, Sir *Salvage Knight* (quoth he) areede ; v
 Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
 That seemeth well to answere to your weede ?
 Or have ye it for some occasion donne ?
 That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne.
 This other day (sayd he) a stranger knight
 Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne ;
 On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
 When ever he this way shall passe by day or night.

Shame be his meede (quoth he) that meaneth shame. vi
 But what is he, by whom ye shamed were ?
 A stranger knight, sayd he, unknowne by name,
 But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
 With which he all that met him, downe did beare.
 He in an open Turney lately held,
 Fro me the honour of that game did reare ;
 And having me all wearie earst, downe feld,
 The fayrest Ladie reft, and ever since withheld.

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare, vii
 He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
 The which from him his fairest love did beare.
 Tho gan he swell in every inner part,
 For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
 That thus he sharply sayd ; Now by my head,
 Yet is not this the first unknowntly part,
 Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
 Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie ;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie.
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fayle, when so ye shall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

viii

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray :
Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde
To be the same, for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Salvage* knight
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite :
And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right.

ix

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him, well as she can :
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man ;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did devise.

x

But *Artegall* beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire ;
And eft aventring his steeleheaded launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,

xi

That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he started up out of that stound, xii
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade.
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes
avayled.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst xiii
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance ; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell ;
Where byting deepe, so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

Like as the lightning brond from riven skie, xiv
Throwne out by angry *Jove* in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie ;
Which battring, downe it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forsooke,
And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke ;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat, xv
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas :
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras ;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

At length when as he saw her hastie heat xvi
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart,
That workst such wrecke on her, to whom thou dearest art.

What yron courage ever could endure, xvii
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature ?
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
The maker selfe resembling in her feature ?
Certes some hellish furie, or some feend
This mischief framd, for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning, their lives end.

Thus long they trac'd, and traverst to and fro, xviii
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto :
But toward th'end Sir *Arthegall* renewed

His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
 At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,
 Having his forces all in one accrewed,
 And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
 That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst, xix
 And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
 Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
 A downe in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
 With that her angels face, unseene afore,
 Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
 Deawed with silver drops, through sweating sore,
 But somewhat redder, then beseem'd aright,
 Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight.

And round about the same, her yellow heare xx
 Having through stirring loosd their wonted band,
 Like to a golden border did appeare,
 Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand :
 Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
 To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare.
 For it did glister like the golden sand,
 The which *Pactolus* with his waters shere,
 Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

And as his hand he up againe did reare, xxi
 Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
 His powreslesse arme benumbd with secret feare
 From his revengefull purpose shrouke abacke,
 And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
 Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sence,
 And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,
 Or both of them did thinke, obedience
 To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting, what it else might bee ;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree :
Whilest trembling horror did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

xxii

Nathelesse she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to bene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike, unlesse he would withstand :
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or live for nought he would upstand
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great injurie.

xxiii

Which when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd,
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
That peerlesse paterne of Dame natures pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terrifide,
And turning his feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

xxiv

But *Glauce*, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely belaccoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.

xxv

Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
 To graunt unto those warriours truce a whyle ;
 Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
 And shew'd themselves to her, such as indeed they were.

When *Britomart* with sharpe avizefull eye xxvi
 Beheld the lovely face of *Artegall*,
 Tempred with sternesse and stout majestie,
 She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call,
 To be the same which in her fathers hall
 Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw.
 Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
 And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
 That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld, xxvii
 As fayning choler, which was turn'd to cold :
 But ever when his visage she beheld,
 Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
 The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold :
 But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
 She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold ;
 Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
 But brought forth speeches myld, when she would have
 missayd.

But *Scudamour* now woxen inly glad, xxviii
 That all his gealous feare he false had found,
 And how that Hag his love abused had
 With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
 The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
 He thus bespake ; Certes Sir *Artegall*,
 I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
 And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
 That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

Soone as she heard the name of *Artegall*,xxix
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy, and secret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble,
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When *Glauce* thus gan wisely all upknit ;xxx
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
Against the course of kind, ne mervaille nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should woo,
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants theretoo.

And you Sir *Artegall*, the salvage knight,xxxi
Henceforth may not disdaine, that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight :
For whylome they have conquerd sea and land,
And heaven it selfe, that nought may them withstand.
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which being knit with vertue, never will remove.

And you faire Ladie knight, my dearest Dame,xxxii
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame ;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill

The penance, which ye shall to him empart :
 For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell.
 Thereat full inly blushed *Britomart* ;
 But *Artegall* close smyling joy'd in secret hart.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly, xxxiii
 Ne thinke th'affection of her hart to draw
 From one to other so quite contrary :
 Besides her modest countenance he saw
 So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
 That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
 And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw ;
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
 Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would
 restraine.

But *Scudamour* whose hart twixt doubtfull feare xxxiv
 And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
 Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare
 Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
 Her thus bespake ; But Sir without offence
 Mote I request you tydings of my love,
 My *Amoret*, sith you her freed fro thence,
 Where she captived long, great woes did prove ;
 That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behove.

To whom thus *Britomart*, Certes Sir knight, xxxv
 What is of her become, or whether reft,
 I can not unto you aread a right.
 For from that time I from enchaunters theft
 Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
 I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
 And evermore from villenie her kept :
 Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
 Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare.

Till on a day as through a desert wyld xxxvi
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld ;
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray.
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare ;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

When *Scudamour* those heavie tydings heard, xxxvii
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare ;
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare,
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare.
Till *Glauce* thus ; Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needelesse dread, till certaintie ye heare :
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd ;
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd.

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech xxxviii
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare : so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright ;
Till *Britomart* him fairely thus behight ;
Great cause of sorrow certes Sir ye have :
But comfort take : for by this heavens light
I vow, you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reave.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was. xxxix
So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall,

All being guided by Sir *Artegall*.
 Where goodly solace was unto them made,
 And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
 Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
 And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

In all which time, Sir *Artegall* made way xl
 Unto the love of noble *Britomart*,
 And with meeke service and much suit did lay
 Continuall siege unto her gentle hart,
 Which being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
 More eath was new impression to receive,
 How ever she her paynd with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceive :
 Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceive.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her, xli
 With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
 That at length unto a bay he brought her,
 So as she to his speeches was content
 To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
 At last through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
 And many othes, she yeelded her consent
 To be his love, and take him for her Lord,
 Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.

Arthegall and the Giant

Book V, Canto II, xxx–liv

THERE they beheld a mighty Gyant stand xxx
 Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
 An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
 With which he boasted in his surquedrie,
 That all the world he would weigh equallie,

If ought he had the same to counterpoys.
 For want whereof he weighed vanity,
 And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys :
 Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake, xxxix
 And all the sea, devided each from either :
 So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
 And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or wether .
 Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
 And all that did within them all containe ;
 Of all whose weight, he would not misse a fether.
 And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
 He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

For why, he sayd they all unequall were, xxxix
 And had encroched uppon others share,
 Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
 Had worne the earth, so did the fire the aire,
 So all the rest did others parts empaire.
 And so were realmes and nations run awry.
 All which he undertooke for to repaire,
 In sort as they were formed aunciently ;
 And all things would reduce unto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke, xxxix
 And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
 Like foolish flies about an hony crocke,
 In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
 And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
 All which when *Artegall* did see, and heare,
 How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
 In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
 And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare.

Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew, xxxiv
And all things to an equall to restore,
In stead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far above thy forces pitch to sore.
For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know,
What was the poyse of every part of yore :
And looke then how much it doth overflow,
Or faile thereof, so much is more than just to trow.

For at the first they all created were xxxv
In goodly measure, by their Makers might,
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right,
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight ;
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide :
Al which the heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

Such heavenly justice doth among them raine, xxxvi
That every one doe know their certaine bound,
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found.
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine :
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

Thou foolishe Elfe (said then the Gyant wroth) xxxvii
Seest not, how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth ?
The sea it selfe doest thou not plainely see

Encroch uppon the land there under thee ;
And th'earth it selfe how daily its increast,
By all that dying to it turned be ?

Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most, that some were given to the least ?

Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie, xxxviii
And make them levell with the lowly plaine :
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men subject to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may raine ;
And Lordings curbe, that commons over-aw ;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.

Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright, xxxix
Then answered the righteous *Artegall*,
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight ?
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all :
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide unto an other brought :
For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more, xl
By all that dying into it doe fade.
For of the earth they formed were of yore,
How ever gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that, whereof they first were made ?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie :
All creatures must obey the voice of the most hie.

They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine, xli
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine ;
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh Kings to sit in soverainty ;
He maketh subjects to their powre obay ;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy ;
He gives to this, from that he takes away.
For all we have is his : what he list doe, he may.

What ever thing is done, by him is donne, xlii
Ne any may his mighty will withstand ;
Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand,
Sith of things subject to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes, nor their courses dew.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise, xliii
And weigh the winde, that under heaven doth blow ;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise ;
Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind doth flow.
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all ?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd ; xliv
That he of little things made reckoning light,
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.

Which is (sayd he) more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?
He answered, that he would try it streight,
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

Wroth wext he then, and sayd, that words were light, xlv
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could justly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, sayd *Artegall*, let it be tride.
First in one ballance set the true aside.
He did so first; and then the false he layd
In th'other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd.
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

Now take the right likewise, sayd *Artegale*, xlvi
And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage, xlvii
And almost would his balances have broken:
But *Artegall* him fairely gan asswage,
And said; Be not upon thy balance wroken:
For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And judge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

But set the truth and set the right aside, xlviii
 For they with wrong or falshood will not fare ;
 And put two wrongs together to be tride,
 Or else two falses, of each equall share ;
 And then together doe them both compare.
 For truth is one, and right is ever one.
 So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
 Whether of them the greater were attone.
 But right sate in the middest of the beame alone.

But he the right from thence did thrust away, xlix
 For it was not the right, which he did seeke ;
 But rather strove extremities to way,
 Th'one to diminish, th'other for to eeke.
 For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
 Whom when so lewdly minded *Talus* found,
 Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke,
 He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
 And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives 1
 Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
 Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
 And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
 Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray.
 So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled ;
 His battred ballances in peeces lay,
 His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled,
 So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about li
 Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
 They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
 And mutining, to stirre up civill faction,

For certaine losse of so great expectation.
 For well they hoped to have got great good,
 And wondrous riches by his innovation.
 Therefore resolving to revenge his blood,
 They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too lii
 In warlike wise, when *Artegall* did vew,
 He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo.
 For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
 In the base blood of such a rascall crew ;
 And otherwise, if that he should retire,
 He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew.
 Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t'inquire
 The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approching spide, liii
 They gan with all their weapons him assay,
 And rudely stroke at him on every side :
 Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
 But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
 He like a swarme of flyes them overthrew ;
 Ne any of them durst come in his way,
 But here and there before his presence flew,
 And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his vew.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight liv
 Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
 The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
 Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
 Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke,
 Amongst the flags and covert round about.
 When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke
 And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
 To *Artegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

Colin Clout

Book VI, Canto X, v-xxviii

ONE day as he did raunge the fields abroad, v
 Whilest his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
 He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
 Unto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
 To passe all others, on the earth which were :
 For all that ever was by natures skill
 Devized to worke delight, was gathered there,
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,
 As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine, vi
 That round about was bordered with a wood
 Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine,
 In which all trees of honour stately stood,
 And did all winter as in sommer bud,
 Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
 Which in their lower braunches sung aloud ;
 And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
 Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and powre.

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud vii
 His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
 Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud,
 Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne
 Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne :
 But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit,
 In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
 Keeping all noysome things away from it,
 And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine viii
 Did spred it selfe, to serve to all delight,
 Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
 Or else to course about their bases light ;

Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale :
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight,
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale ;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe, as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport ;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her souveraine Majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

ix

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be ;
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

x

He durst not enter into th'open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene ;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he him selfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

xi

All they without were raunged in a ring, xii
And daunced round ; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme :
And in the midst of those same three, was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore xiii
Upon her ivory forehead that same day,
That *Theseus* her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold *Centaures* made that bloody fray,
With the fierce *Lapithes*, which did them dismay ;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band, xiv
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell :
But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond, that right well
Did her beseeme. And ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw ;
But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight, xv
Handmaides of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night :
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,

That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
 Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
 That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was to weete that jolly Shepheards lasse, xvi
 Which piped there unto that merry rout,
 That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was
 Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout* ?)
 He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about.
 Pype jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
 Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout :
 Thy love is present there with thee in place,
 Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

Much wondred *Calidore* at this straunge sight, xvii
 Whose like before his eye had never seene,
 And standing long astonished in spright,
 And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene ;
 Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
 Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
 With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
 Therefore resolving, what it was, to know,
 Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But soone as he appeared to their vew, xviii
 They vanisht all away out of his sight,
 And cleane were gone, which way he never knew ;
 All save the shepheard, who for fell despight
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
 And made great mone for that unhappy turne.
 But *Calidore*, though no lesse sory wight,
 For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
 Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

And first him greeting, thus unto him spake, xix
 Haile jolly shepheard, which thy joyous dayes
 Here ledest in this goodly merry make,
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,

Which to thee flocke, to heare thy lovely layes ;
 Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
 Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes ?
 Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see :
 But why when I them saw, fled they away from me ?

Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine, xx
 As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
 Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,
 For being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of them selves list so to grace.
 Right sory I, (saide then Sir *Calidore*,)
 That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
 But since things passed none may now restore,
 Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieves so
 sore.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate ; xxi
 Then wote thou shepheard, whatsoever thou bee,
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her fee,
 But differing in honour and degree :
 They all are Graces, which on her depend,
 Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
 Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend :
 But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove, xxii
 By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
 As he this way comming from feastfull glee,
 Of *Thetis* wedding with *Æacidee*,
 In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary.
 The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,
 Next faire *Aglaia*, last *Thalia* merry :
 Sweete Goddesses all three which me in mirth do cherry.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow, xxiii
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well favoured show,
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie :
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie ;
To friends, to foes, which skill men call Civility.

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile, xxiv
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from covert malice free :
And eeke them selves so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore ;
That good should from us goe, then come in greater store.

Such were those Goddesses, which ye did see ; xxv
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced ?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was,
To be the fourth with those three other placed :
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse,
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day, xxvi
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So farre doth she in beautyfull array,
Above all other lasses beare the bell,
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well,

Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
 For which the Graces that here wont to dwell,
 Have for more honor brought her to this place,
 And graced her so much to be another Grace.

Another Grace she well deserves to be, xxvii
 In whom so many Graces gathered are,
 Excelling much the meane of her degree ;
 Divine resemblaunce, beauty soveraine rare,
 Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare ;
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 That all her peres cannot with her compare,
 But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.
 She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky, xxviii
 That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Majesty,
 Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes,
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 And underneath thy feete to place her prayse,
 That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
 To future age of her this mention may be made.

The Masque of the Seasons and Months

Book VII, Canto VII, xxviii–xliii

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare ; xxviii
 First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaves of flowres
 That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare
 (In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
 That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours) :
 And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
 A guilt engraven morion he did weare ;
 That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the jolly *Sommer*, being dight xxix
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light :
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated sore.

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad, xxx
As though he joyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Upon his head a wreath that was enrold
With eares of corne, of every sort he bore :
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly, came *Winter* cloathed all in frize, xxxi
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese ;
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill.
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still :
For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld ;
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went, xxxii
And after them, the *Monthes* all riding came ;
First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over *Hellespontus* swam :
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,

And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed, xxxiii
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds :
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th'*Argolick* fluds :
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th'earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his loves delight.

Then came faire *May*, the fayrest mayd on ground, xxxiv
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around :
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of *Leda* ; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their souveraine Queene.
Lord ! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene !
And *Cupid* selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

And after her, came jolly *June*, arrayd xxxv
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were ;
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare :
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

Then came hot *July* boyling like to fire, xxxvi
That all his garments he had cast away :
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire

He boldly rode and made him to obey :
It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till th'*Amphytrionide*
Him slew, and with his hide did him array ;
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd xxxvii
In garment all of gold downe to the ground :
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found ;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ;
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Justice solde,
She left th'unrighteous world and was to heaven extold.

Next him, *September* marched eeke on foote ; xxxviii
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle :
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
He held a knife-hook ; and in th'other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

Then came *October* full of merry glee : xxxix
For, yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine fats see,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick and so full of lust :

Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by *Dianaes* doom unjust
 Slew great *Orion* ; and eeke by his side
 He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

Next was *November*, he full grosse and fat, xl
 As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme ;
 For, he had been a fattening hogs of late,
 That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steem,
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem ;
 In planting eeke he took no small delight :
 Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme ;
 For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in sight,
 The seed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

And after him, came next the chill *December* ; xli
 Yet he through merry feasting which he made,
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
 His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad :
 Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith *Dan Jove* in tender yeares,
 They say, was nourisht by th'*Idæan* mayd ;
 And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares ;
 Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old *January*, wrapped well xlii
 In many weeds to keep the cold away ;
 Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
 And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may :
 For, they were numbd with holding all the day
 An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
 And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray :
 Upon an huge great Earth pot steane he stood ;
 From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the *Romane*
 floud.

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride ;
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away : yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round
So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

LETTERS TO GABRIEL HARVEY

I

Good Master G., I perceive by your most curteous and
frendly Letters your good will to be no lesse in deed than
I alwayes esteemed. In recompence wherof, think, I be-
seech you, that I wil spare neither speech nor wryting, nor
aught else, whensoever and wheresoever occasion shal be
offred me : yea, I will not stay till it be offred, but will
seeke it in al that possibly I may. And that you may per-
ceive how much your Counsel in al things prevaiileth with
me, and how altogether I am ruled and overruled thereby,
I am nowe determined to alter mine owne former purpose, ¹⁰
and to subscribe to your advizement, being notwithstanding
resolved stil to abide your farther resolution. My principal
doubts are these. First, I was minded for a while to have
intermitted the uttering of my writings, leaste, by over-
much cloying their noble eares, I should gather a contempt
of my self, or else seeme rather for gaine and commoditie
to doe it, for some sweetnesse that I have already tasted.
Then also me seemeth the work too base for his excellent
Lordship, being made in Honour of a private Personage
unknowne, which of some ylwillers might be upbraided not ²⁰
to be so worthie as you knowe she is : or the matter not so
weightie that it should be offred to so weightie a Personage :

or the like. The selfe former Title stil liketh me well ynough, and your fine Addition no lesse. If these and the like doubtés maye be of importaunce in your seeming to frustrate any parte of your advice, I beeseeeche you, without the leaste selfe love of your own purpose, counsell me for the beste : and the rather doe it faithfullye and carefully, for that in all things I attribute so muche to your judgement, that I am ever more content to annihilate mine owne determinations in respecte thereof. And indeede for your
 10 selfe to, it fitteth with you now to call your wits and senses together (which are alwaies at call), when occasion is so fairely offered of Estimation and Preferment. For, while the yron is hote, it is good striking ; and minds of Nobles varie as their Estates. *Verum ne quid durius.*

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, good Maister G., and forthwith write me those two or three special points and caveats for the nonce, *De quibus in superioribus illis mellitissimis longissimisque Litteris tuis.* Your desire to heare of my late beeing with hir Majestie muste dye in it
 20 selfe. As for the twoo worthy Gentlemen, Master SIDNEY and Master DYER, they have me, I thanke them, in some use of familiarity : of whom, and to whome, what speache passeth for youre credite and estimation, I leave your selfe to conceive, having alwayes so well conceived of my unfained affection and zeale towards you. And nowe they have proclaimed in their ἀρείῳ πάγῳ a generall surceasing and silence of balde Rymers, and also of the verie beste to : in steade whereof, they have, by autho[ri]tie of their whole Senate, prescribed certaine Lawes and rules of Quantities
 30 of English sillables for English Verse, having had thereof already greate practise, and drawen mee to their faction. Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one, that writing a certaine Booke, called THE SCHOOLE OF ABUSE, and dedicating it to Maister SIDNEY, was for hys labor scorned, if at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne.

Suche follie is it not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him to whome wee dedicate oure Bookes. Suche mighte I happily incurre, entituling my SLOMBER and the other Pamphlets unto his honor. I meant them rather to MAISTER DYER. But I am, of late, more in love wyth my Englishe Versifying than with Ryming; whyche I should have done long since, if I would then have followed your counsell. *Sed te solum iam tum suspicabar cum Aschamo sapere: nunc Aulam video egregios alere Poëtas Anglicos.* Maister E. K. hartily desireth to be commended ¹⁰ unto your Worshippe.

II

Truste me, you will hardly beleewe what greate good liking and estimation Maister Dyer had of youre Satyricall Verses, and I, since the viewe thereof, having before of my selfe had speciall liking of Englishe Versifying, am even now aboute to give you some token, and howe well therein I am able to doe: for, to tell you trueth, I minde shortely at convenient leysure to sette forth a Booke in this kinde, whyche I entitle *Epithalamion Thamesis*, whyche Booke ²⁰ I dare undertake wil be very profitable for the knowledge and rare for the Invention and manner of handling. For in setting forth the marriage of the Thames I shewe his first beginning and offspring, and all the Countrey that he passeth thorough, and also describe all the Rivers throughout Englande whyche came to this Wedding, and their righte names, and right passage, &c. A worke, beleewe me, of much labour, wherein notwithstanding Master *Holinshed* hath mucche furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines in searching oute their firste ³⁰ heades and sources, and also in tracing and dogging oute all their course til they fall into the Sea.

*O Tite, siquid ego,
Ecquid erit pretii?*

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my *Dreames* and *Dying*

Pellicane being fully finished (as I partelye signified in my laste Letters) and presentlye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whyche I praye you hartily send me with al expedition; and your frendly Letters and long expected Judgement wythal, whyche let not be shorte, but in all pointes suche as you ordinarilye use and I extraordinarily desire. *Multum vale. Westminster, Quarto Nonas Aprilis 1580.*

LETTER TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH

SIR knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be
 10 construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled
 the *Faery Queene*, being a continued Allegory, or darke
 conceit, I have thought good aswell for avoyding of
 gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your
 better light in reading therof, (being so by you com-
 manded,) to discover unto you the general intention and
 meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned,
 without expressing of any particular purposes or by-
 accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore
 of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person
 20 in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I con-
 ceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being
 coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most
 part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter,
 then for profite of the ensample: I chose the historye of
 king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person,
 being made famous by many mens former workes, and
 also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of
 present time. In which I have followed all the antique
 Poets historicall, first Homere, who in the Persons of
 30 Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour
 and a vertuous man, the one in his *Ilias*, the other in his

Odysseis : then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas : after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando : and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo : The other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised, ¹⁰ the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes : which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged, to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to com- ²⁰ mune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth such as it should be, but the other in the person of Cyrus and the Persians fashioned a government such as might best be : So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure : whome I conceive after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so ³⁰ soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out, and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land.

In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our souveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent
10 concept of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history : Of which these three bookes contayn three, The first of the knight
20 of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes : The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce : The third of Britomartis a Lady knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions,
30 but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes,

uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii.
 severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by
 xii. severall knights, are in these xii books severally
 handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the
 beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall
 clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queen of
 Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which
 during that feast she might not refuse: which was that
 hee might have the atchievement of any adventure,
 which during that feaste should happen, that being ¹⁰
 graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his
 rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire
 Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with
 a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore
 the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand.
 Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that
 her father and mother an ancient King and Queene, had
 bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen
 Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew: and there-
 fore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one ²⁰
 of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently
 that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure:
 whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady
 much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire.
 In the end the Lady told him that unlesse that armour
 which she brought, would serve him (that is the armour
 of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul v. Ephes.)
 that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being
 forthwith put upon him with dewe furnitures thereunto,
 he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and ³⁰
 was well liked of the Lady. And eftesoones taking on him
 knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he
 went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth
 the first booke, vz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer bearing an

Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia : and therfore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight, to performe that adventure, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer : which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in, a Groome who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter called Busirane had in hand a most
 10 faire Lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour the lover of that Lady presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his love.

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments. As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the
 20 misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th'eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. *January.* 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate.

ED. SPENSER.

NOTES

HAZLITT ON SPENSER

PAGE 2. 1. See p. 141.

3. *Faerie Queene*, I. iv. 22.

7-15. *F. Q.* I. vii. 32. Imitated by Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*, Pt. II, iv. iv. 217-22, published in the same year.

12. *Selinis*, a mountain in Sicily; a city of the same name. Virgil, *Aen.* iii. 705:

Teque datis linquo ventis, palmosa Selinus.

28. *and mask*, &c. *L'Allegro*, 128.

32-6. *F. Q.* I. i. 41.

PAGE 3. 5. *the honey-heavy dew of slumber.* *Julius Caesar*, II. i. 230.

9-26. *F. Q.* II. xii. 70-1. These two stanzas are based on Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata* xvi. The two following are all but a literal translation of Tasso's stanzas 14-15.

PAGE 4. 9. *crime.* Passion, presumably; but loosely used.

11. *House of Pride.* *F. Q.* I. iv. 2-15.

Cave of Mammon. See pp. 124-8.

12. *Cave of Despair.* *F. Q.* I. ix. 33-54.

Memory. See p. 131.

16. *Belphæbe.* *F. Q.* II. iii. 21-31.

Florimel and the Witch's son. *F. Q.* III. vii. 12-21.

17. *Gardens of Adonis.* See pp. 131-5.

Bower of Bliss. *F. Q.* II. xii. 42-80. Hazlitt quotes four stanzas from this passage, *supra*.

18. *Mask of Cupid.* See pp. 135-42.

Colin Clout's vision. See pp. 162-8. *The last book*, i.e. the last complete book, Book VI.

28. *Poussin.* Nicholas Poussin (1594-1665), sometimes called the head of the French school of painting.

34-7. *F. Q.* III. ix. 20.

PAGE 5. 6-8. *F. Q.* II. iii. 30.

9-13. *F. Q.* III. viii. 30-5. The quotation is from st. 35.

16-17. *F. Q.* IV. xi. 23-4.

18. *The Procession of the Passions.* *F. Q.* I. iv. 18-36. The quotation is from stanzas 21-2.

PAGE 6. 2-4. Southey, *The Lay of the Laureate* (1816), 106-8.

14. *Rubens.* Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640), the head of the Flemish school of painting.

15. *Satyrane.* *F. Q.* I. vi. 23-9.

25. *F. Q.* III. x. 47.

PAGE 7. 5. *change of Malbecco.* *F. Q.* III. x. 56-60.

29. *Talus.* *F. Q.* v. See pp. 154-61.

30. *Pastorella.* *F. Q.* VI. ix-xii. 22.

PAGE 8. 2 ff. But Spenser formed his diction in his early

poems, before he invented the stanza, which is a development of Chaucerian Rhyme Royal rather than of the Italian *ottava rima*, as Hazlitt states.

19-20. *in many a winding bout, &c.* *L' Allegro*, 139-40.

COLERIDGE ON SPENSER

PAGE 9. 10. *yew tree in Lorton vale.* Wordsworth, *Yew-Trees*:
There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale . . .

13. *tree of Malabar, the banyan.* See *Paradise Lost*, ix.
1100-10.

PAGE 11. 6, 7. *F. Q.* 1. iii. 3.

8-12. *F. Q.* 1. v. 33.

15. *F. Q.* 1. iii. 5.

16. *F. Q.* 1. iii. 8.

17. *F. Q.* 1. iii. 4.

PAGE 13. 27. *experiment, experience, knowledge.*

LEIGH HUNT ON SPENSER

PAGE 15. 27. *Make heaven drowsy, &c.* *Love's Labour's Lost*,
iv. iii. 345.

PAGE 17. 7. *Somers.* John, Lord Somers (1651-1716), Lord Chancellor, 1697-1700. See the Dedication to him of Hughes's edition of Spenser, 1715.

Chatham. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708-78), Prime Minister. His sister said the only thing he knew thoroughly was *The Faerie Queene*.

E. K.'s INTRODUCTION

An Edward Kirke (1553-1613) was Spenser's junior by two years at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. The Introduction is in the form of an Epistle dedicating his Glossary to Gabriel Harvey (1545?-1630), Fellow of Pembroke, 1570.

PAGE 18. 1. *Uncouth, unkiste.* Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, i. 809:

Unknowe, unkist, and lost that is unsought.

5. *In his Æglogue.* February, 92 and gloss; June, 81 and gloss.

PAGE 19. 1. *that worthy Oratour.* Antonius, in Cicero, *de Oratore*, ii. 14. 60.

14. *Valla.* Lorenzo Valla (1407-57), Italian humanist.

15. *other.* Sir John Cheke (1514-57). See Ascham, *Schole-master*, ed. Arber, pp. 154-9, and Cheke's letter prefixed to Hoby's *Courtier*. With E.K.'s opinion cf. *Courtier*, ed. Raleigh, p. 65, and Du Bellay, *Deffence et Illustration*, ii. vi.

23. *Tullie.* See *de Oratore*, iii. 38; *Orator*, 50. 169.

PAGE 20. 8. *Alceus.* Cicero, *de Natura Deorum*, i. 28, 79.

32. *Evanders mother.* Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae*, i. 10. 2. Perhaps E. K. hints at Thomas Wilson, who quotes the anecdote related by Gellius with approval, in his *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553 (ed. G. H. Mair, p. 3).

PAGE 21. 34. *Os rabidum*, &c. Virgil, *Aeneid* vi. 80.

PAGE 22. 5. *Of Muses*, &c. *June*, 65.

6. *Enough is me*, &c. *Ibid.* 79.

21. *Mantuanæ*. Baptista Spanuolo (1448–1516), called, from his birthplace, Mantuanus; Vicar-General of the Carmelites in Mantua. His Eclogues were widely used in schools, and were Spenser's principal source in *The Shepheardes Calender*.

22, 23. Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Sannazaro (1458–1530) all wrote Latin Eclogues; Sannazaro also wrote the Italian pastoral romance, *Arcadia*. Clément Marot (1497–1544) wrote pastorals in French, of which Spenser imitated two in *November* and *December*.

34. .s., scilicet.

PAGE 23. 4. *an olde name*. *The Calendar of Shepheards* was a common almanac containing useful information for countrymen, translated from the French *Kalendrier des Bergers*.

21. *Dreames*, &c. These early poems are lost, or were perhaps incorporated into later work.

BARNFIELD'S SONNET

This sonnet appears also in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, a piratical miscellany attributed to Shakespeare by the publisher.

PAGE 24. 23. *Dowland*. John Dowland (1563–1626), composer of songs, and the greatest lutenist of his time.

THE RETURNE FROM PARNASSUS

From Part II, Act I, Sc. ii of this University skit, written for New Year festivities at St. John's College, Cambridge, c. 1601.

PAGE 25. 8. *then ever song in Poe*. Referring to Virgil and Mantuanus, natives of Mantua, and Ariosto, of Ferrara, both cities being near the river Po.

BEN JONSON

PAGE 26. 13. *As Virgil read Ennius*. Donatus, *Life of Virgil*: 'Cum is aliquando Ennium in manu haberet, rogaretur quidnam faceret, respondit se aurum colligere de stercore Ennii.'

PAGE 32. THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

April

Panegyric is a recognized phase of pastoral poetry, but nothing had prepared England for the lyrical swiftness of this song in praise of Queen Elizabeth. The quatrains linked together by rhyme are of Marot's devising, but the song reminds one rather of the Odes of Ronsard; the freshness and mastery of both metre and style make it a landmark—and one early recognized—in English poetry. Spenser's artificial imposition of archaic and learned terms, and words from various dialects, upon a basis of common educated speech is easily

detected in this poem: an artifice in keeping with the blending of courtly compliment and 'decorous' pastoral simplicity.

Argument. *Hobbinol*. Gabriel Harvey, according to the Gloss to *September*.

PAGE 33. 6. *quenching*, i.e. the year, which quenches . . .

35. *laye*. The rhyming of identical sounds ('rime equivoque') is frequent in Chaucer, and considered a beauty by the earlier French poets.

73-81. A commonplace of Renaissance love-poetry. Cf. Ronsard, *Amours*, I. xciv; Petrarch, Sonnet lxxix in *Vita di Madonna Laura*.

91-4. Cf. Ronsard, *Amours* I. cxxxvii.

113-17. Cf. *Faerie Queene*, VI. x. 12 and 25.

135. *tawdrie* has degenerated in meaning, like *lewdly* (foolishly; O.E. *læwede*, lay, unlearned) in line 157.

136-44. Cf. Marot, *Complainct de Madame Loyse de Savoye* (which Spenser imitated in *November*), 229-36:

Portez rameaulx parvenuz à croissance:
Laurier, lyerre et lys blancs honorez,
Romarin vert, roses en abondance,
Jaune soucie et bassinetz dorez,
Passeveloux de pourpre colorez,
Lavande franche, oeilletz de couleur vive,
Aubepins blancs, aubepins azurez,
Et toutes fleurs de grand' beauté nayfve.

143. *Chevisaunce*. Unidentified. In Chaucer the word means 'borrowing'; in *F. Q.* II. ix. 8, &c., 'knightly enterprise', by confusion with *chevauchée*. Probably Spenser did not mean any specific flower: had he in mind the *Chrysanthus* of Virgil, *Culex*, 405?

Emblem. Virgil, *Aeneid* i. 327-8.

181-2. In *Sept.*, 176, Colin is mentioned as the 'boy' of 'Roffyn', i.e. of John Young, Bishop of Rochester, and former Master of Spenser's College. Spenser was his secretary in 1578. *As lythe*, &c. *February*, 74.

185. Many efforts have been made to solve this anagram, but no convincing identification of the lady has yet appeared.

186. *glenne*. Spenser means 'valley', however. See *F. Q.* III. vii. 6.

203. *frenne*. Correct explanation, but false etymology; O.E. *fremde*.

220. *Helicon*. The name was applied to the mountain only, not to the well. The confusion occurs in Chaucer, e.g. *House of Fame*, 522.

228-9. *Hesiodus*. Not in Hesiod. (See Mustard, E.K.'s Classical Allusions, *Modern Language Notes*, April, 1919.)

241-2. *Homeres saying*. *Iliad* ii. 196-7: 'For proud is the spirit of god-cherished kings: for their honour is of Zeus, and Zeus the Counsellor loves them.'

248. *in some place Christ himselfe*. May, 54; July, 49.
 269-72. *Virgile*. E.K. quotes a verse mnemonic of the names and functions of the Muses, printed in some early editions of Virgil, e.g. that of Colinaeus, Paris, 1526.
 280. *Petrarch*. Sonnet ccv *in Vita*, in Marsand's edition.
 283. *the Graces*. See *F. Q.* VI. x. 21-4.
 291. *Boccace*. Boccaccio, in his classical dictionary, *de Genealogia Deorum Gentilium*, v. xxxv.
 300. *Ladyes of the lake*. Probably a reference to Queen Elizabeth's entertainment by Leicester at Kenilworth in 1575, as reported by Robert Laneham, *Letter*, ed. Furnivall, pp. 6-7: 'Her highnes . . . rode unto the inner gate . . . where the Lady of the Lake (famous in King Arthurz book) with too Nymphes wayting uppon her . . . she, floting to land, met her Maiesty with a well penned meter and matter.' See also Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*.
 333. *forswonck and forswatt*. From the pseudo-Chaucerian *Plowman's Tale*, Prologue, l. 14:

He was forswonke and all forswat.

PAGE 43.

October

This Eclogue is an imitation, as E.K. hints, of Mantuan's Fifth Eclogue, and an improvement on its original; for the speeches of Mantuan's 'Candidus' are practically a demand to be paid for his poetry, and a complaint against the avarice of the times and of his interlocutor, 'Silvanus'. The lament over the degeneracy of the noble orders occupies only a small part of Mantuan's poem, and there is no counter-part of the more exalted thought of lines 79-118, in which appear some of Spenser's later motives.

Argument. See Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*. The belief in the divine origin of poetry, originally derived from Plato (*Phaedrus*; *Ion*), was most current among Renaissance critics and poets, and a favourite doctrine with the 'Pléiade'.

the English Poet, lost, unfortunately.

1-6. Mantuan, v. 1-5:

Candide, nobiscum pecudes aliquando solebas
 pascere et his gelidis calamos inflare sub umbris
 et miscere sales simul et certare palaestra;
 nunc autem quasi pastores et rura perosus
 pascua sopito fugis et trahis otia cantu.

5. *bydding base*. Prisoner's base.

11-12. An example of imitation by reversal; Spenser quotes the Grasshopper for Mantuan's Ant, 36-7:

En formica, brevis sed provida bestia, condit
 in brumam nova farra cavis aestate latebris.

31. *the hellish hound*, Cerberus.

33-6. Mantuan, 11-12 :

Pro numeris vanas laudes et inania verba
redditis ; interea pastor sitit, esurit, alget.

37-42. Mantuan, 126-7 :

Dic pugnas, dic gesta virum, dic proelia regum,
vertere ad hos qui sceptrata tenent, qui regna gubernant.

55-9. Mantuan, 86-88 :

Tityrus (ut fama est) sub Maecenate vetusto
rura, boves et agros, et Martia bella canebat
altius, et magno pulsabat sidera cantu.

58. *laboured lands*, tilled lands ; a Northern dialectal usage.

65-72. Mantuan, 153-9 :

At qui dura manu gesserunt bella potenti
fortiter utentes ferro, non molliter auro,
dilexere graves Musas ; heroica facta
qui faciunt reges heroica carmina laudant.
at cessere viri fortes et mascula virtus,
dicendum altiloqui nihil invenere poetæ,
occidit ingenium vatum, ruit alta poesis.

75-8. Mantuan, 148-152 :

Ipsi ad delicias reges et ad otia versi
quod celebrant laudari optant ; hinc carmina manant
perdita de studio Veneris, de scurrilitate,
de ganea, de segnitie, de infamibus actis,
quæ castum capitale nefas celebrare poetam.

79-84. Cf. Spenser's *Fowre Hymnes*, and the last passage
from *Colin Clout's Come Home Againe* in this volume.

Emblem. Ovid, *Fasti*, vi. 5.

139. *Plato*. Not in Plato, any more than the forbidding of
'the Arabian (? Arcadian) Melody', line 170.

196. *Cognisance*. The Bear and Ragged Staff was the crest
of Leicester's (the Dudley) family. Is this a reference to
Spenser's lost *Stemmata Dudleiana* ?

208. *Bucoliques*, i.e. *Georgics*.

214. *it is sayd*, e.g. by Horace, *Odes*, ii. 8, 9, and by du
Bellay.

221. *Oration of Tullies* : *pro Archia*, x. 24.

Petrarch. Sonnet cxxxv in *Vita* : 'Alexander, arrived at
the famous tomb of the fierce Achilles, sighing, said, O fortune,
who didst find so clear a trumpet, &c.' Cf. *Ruines of
Time*, 400-34 and notes.

256-60. The poem is lost. Was it *The Dying Pelican* ?

262-4. *Petrarch*. Sonnet xxxviii *in Vita*; he speaks of his lady Laura under the guise of the laurel (*lauro*): 'It made my feeble wit to flower in its shade, and grow amid sorrows.'

269. *Mantuanes saying*. Not in Mantuan. E. K. may be quoting, from his inaccurate memory, line 70 of this Eclogue:

Vult hilares animos tranquillaque pectora carmen.

271. *that comen verse*: Horace, *Epistles*, i. 5. 19.

284. *Virgile*: *Bucol.* viii. 10; Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 280.

286. *queint*. Spenser probably meant 'fine'.

297. *aut si carminibus*. Not in Ovid. (Mustard.) Perhaps a confusion of *Am.* iii. vii. 27-34 with Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 487:

Haec se carminibus promittit solvere mentis
quas velit.

PAGE 52. THE RUINES OF TIME

Published in the volume of *Complaints*, 1591.

This elaborate Elegy, highly wrought with figures of rhetoric, celebrates Spenser's early patrons Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Sir Philip Sidney, with others of their kindred. It is built up of several sections, perhaps originally distinct poems: a eulogy of Camden's *Britannia* (1586); the personal elegies proper, some portions of which have rather the air of dutiful interpolations; a confession of faith in the immortality of poetry; and an imitation of du Bellay's *Songe* and Marot's version of Petrarch's Canzone iii *in Morte*, both of which were translated by Spenser and published among the *Complaints*.

A visionary figure, the Genius of the ancient city of Verulam, is supposed to be speaking to the poet.

184. *A mightie Prince*. Leicester, who died in 1588.

190. *Right and Loyall*. Leicester's motto, 'Droit et Loyal.'

220. *a glasse upon the water*. Glass is a by-form of gloss; thus, a shining spot, a sun-glint.

225. *Colin Clout*. Spenser himself. The poem was apparently written some time after Leicester's death.

281. Spenser now turns to speak of Sidney.

290. *too soone*. Sidney was 32 years of age when mortally wounded, 1586.

317-19. *thine owne sister*. Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, to whom this poem is dedicated. For the memorial volume to which Spenser contributed *Astrophel* she wrote *The Doleful Lay of Clarinda*, which Spenser probably revised.

323-9. Referring to Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, and his *Arcadia*.

341. *Heroes*. A trisyllable, as usually in Spenser.

344-434. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, iii. 30, iv. 8, 9, and Ovid, especially *Am.* i. 15 and *Met.* xv. 871; also du Bellay, *Deffence et Illustration*, ii. v. (ed. Person, pp. 123-4).

416. *Marcellus*. Probably from a vague and inaccurate remembrance of Plutarch's *Life of Marcellus*, 28: 'He thought to consecrate the temple of honor and vertue, which he had built with the spoyles he gotte in the warres of Sicile. But the priestes were against it . . . and he did take it for an evill token, besides diverse other signes in the element . . . For there were many temples set a fire with lightening at one time' (tr. North, 1579).

417. *Lisippus*. Probably a reference to his statues of Alexander the Great, of which none have survived.

418. *King Edmond*. Camden, *Britannia*, Bury St. Edmunds: 'If you ask how great were its riches, one cannot readily tell how many gifts were hung upon the tomb of Edmund alone.'

but was rent for gain. After the death of Queen Elizabeth Camden added the following sentence, which she might have construed as a reflection on her father; Spenser probably knew Camden personally, and heard his views on the subject: 'This work . . . Henry VIII brought to its end, when he over-turned the Monasteries, persuaded by those who, under a specious pretext of the restoration of religion, preferred their private reasons and their own enrichment to the glory of their Prince and Country, and even of God.'

429. *the sonne of Thetis*. Achilles.

432-4. The story is in Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*, but here apparently from Petrarch. See note to *Shep. Cal.*, Oct., 216 ff.

436. *Melibæ*. Sir Francis Walsingham (1530?-90), Secretary of State. The reference is to Thomas Watson's *Melibæus*, a pastoral elegy on Walsingham, Latin and English versions, 1590.

673. *Philisides*. Sir Philip Sidney.

PAGE 60. COLIN CLOUTE'S COME HOME AGAINE

Published along with *Astrophel* in 1595. The dedication to Raleigh is dated 27 December 1591. Whenever Spenser speaks of himself, it is as the Shepherd Colin. In this, his most definitely autobiographical poem—or at any rate the one least obscured by allegory—he narrates his visit to England with Sir Walter Raleigh, 1589-91.

2. *after Tityrus*. In imitation of Virgil, Chaucer being perhaps sub-intended. See *Shep. Cal.*, Oct., 55 and its gloss, and E. K., p. 18.

15. *Hobbinol*. Gabriel Harvey, in *Shep. Cal.* (see *Apr.* and note). As in this poem Spenser represents himself as returned to Ireland, this is another Hobbinol, or, as is more likely, the gathering of friends is figurative, and attempts at identification idle.

40. *that Angel*. Queen Elizabeth.

46. *bright*. The use of the adjective as noun is frequent in Middle Scots poetry, especially in such phrases as this.

57. *Mole*. The Ballyhowra hills, north of Kilcolman.

59. *Mulla*. The river Awbeg, a little south of Kilcolman.

60. *a strange shepherd*. Sir Walter Raleigh, who held lands at Lismore, some 35 miles to eastward.

186. *Cynthia*. A name of Diana, therefore of Queen Elizabeth.

188. *making*. Poetry. Cf. Sidney, *Apologie for Poetrie*: 'Poet . . . commeth of this word *Poiein*, which is to make: wherein . . . wee Englishmen have mette with the Greekes in calling him a maker.' For an example of Queen Elizabeth's verse, see Puttenham, *Arte of Poetrie*, III. xx.

196-211. Spenser refers often to the sea, and uses nautical terms and metaphors, but he does not appear to have loved it. He remembers here, perhaps, Ovid, *Tristia*, i. 2.

309. *that same land*. The realm of Cynthia, England.

380-490. The handling of the names is typical of Spenser's method of allusion to contemporary persons and events, varying from the most obvious to the most obscure. We have not the facts necessary to the construction of a complete Key to Spenser, and conjectures must be taken with reserve.

380. *Harpalus*. Collier suggests Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, (later) Earl of Dorset (1538-1608), author of the *Induction to A Myrrour for Magistrates* (1555), part author of *Gorboduc* (publ. 1565), and a notable Elizabethan statesman.

382. *Corydon*. Abraham Fraunce (fl. 1587-1633), a poetical protégé of the Countess of Pembroke, has been suggested; but these pastoral names are the vaguer for their commonness.

384. *Alcyon*. Arthur Gorges (d. 1625). See *Daphnaida*.

392. *Palin*. Malone suggests George Peele (1558-97).

394. *Alcon*. Collier suggests Nicholas Breton (?1568-1626).

396. *Palemon*. Thomas Churchyard (?1520-1604) refers to himself by this name in one poem. (Grosart.)

400. *Alabaster*. William Alabaster (1567-1640); his *Eliseis*, a Latin poem in praise of Queen Elizabeth, exists in MS.

412. See note to *Returne from Parnassus*.

416. *Daniel*. Samuel Daniel (1562-1619) published *Delia*, a sonnet-sequence, in 1591. Spenser may have met him in the house of the Countess of Pembroke, his patron, and the passage may refer to his working on *The Civill Warres*, published 1595.

434. *Amyntas*. Probably Ferdinando Stanley, 5th Earl of Derby (1559?-94), poet, and patron of the company of actors to which Shakespeare belonged. If this is a reference to his death the dedication is ante-dated, or, as is more likely, the poem was revised and amplified between 1591 and its publication in 1595.

444. *Action*. Grosart suggests Michael Drayton (1563-1631). His *Idea* was published in 1590, but he was in London in 1590, and may have been meditating then his *England's Heroical Epistles*, published in 1597.

660-730. Though the wickedness and ingratitude of courts

was a commonplace of Renaissance poetry, the feeling here is probably personal. Spenser, while not unsuccessful as a courtier, seems to have been disappointed in his expectations, and to have borne a grudge against Burleigh, who is said to have hindered his advancement. Cf. *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, 581-936. 931-955. *Rosalind*. See *Shep. Cal.*, Apr., 27, 185, and note.

PAGE 71.

AMORETTI.

Spenser is not one of our great sonnetteers; his diffuse style does not flourish in confinement; but the following sonnets are pleasant examples of occasional verse by a cultured and practised poet. Some controversy has been aroused about the significance of the *Amoretti* as autobiography, but in all probability the sonnets are very various in inspiration. All the sonnets were not necessarily addressed to the same lady, or to any lady, and their arrangement for the press may be as conventional as the most artificial conceit in the series.

1. A copy of the first edition of *The Faerie Queene* has been found, apparently Spenser's own, and having, written on the fly-leaf, what is evidently an early version of this sonnet. (Gollancz, *Proceedings of the British Academy*, 1908.)

PAGE 73.

EPITHALAMION

Published with *Amoretti*, 1595, and written, as its coda tells, for his own marriage, in 1594. The poem is based on the traditional matter of the Latin epithalamium—see particularly those of Catullus, lxi and lxii—with the Christian admixture typical of the time. The verse is an adaptation of the Italian *canzone*, which is a series of long strophes, the lines varying in length and intricately rhymed. No precise form of the strophe is fixed, but the pattern of the first should be repeated in each following, a rule Spenser does not strictly observe.

1. *Ye learned sisters*. The Muses.

56. *Mulla*. The river Awbeg. See *Colin Clout*, 59, and note.

60. *the rushy lake*. Kilcolman was situated by a lake.

103. *three handmayds*. The Graces. See *F. Q.* vi. x. 15 and 21-4.

234. *sad*, serious, grave.

265-9. *Barnaby the bright*. St. Barnabas' Day is June 11th, the longest day according to the 'Old Style' calendar, there being about ten days of difference from the 'New Style'.

282. *gayrest planet*. The sun.

286. *evening star*. Venus, in this month. Cf. Catullus, lxii. 20-30.

307-10. Spenser exercises the poet's privilege of making his own version of the myth.

329. *The great Tirynthian groome*. Hercules, who was brought up at Tiryns, son of Alcmena and Zeus.

341. *Pouke*. Spenser may have thought of the Irish Pouka, a malicious goblin, but the word occurs in Langland, and elsewhere. (O.E. *puca*, an evil spirit). The more genial Puck is a sixteenth-century invention.

345. *Storke*. The stork and the vulture (line 348) occur in the long list of unclean birds in Deuteronomy xiv, and all such birds might be accounted unlucky; but, unless for the frail suggestion of noise in Ovid, *Met.* vi. 97, 'crepitante ciconia rostro', both classical and English references tell on the other side. Had Spenser the *stryx* of Ovid, *Fasti*, vi. 138-40, at the back of his mind, 'screech Oule' standing for Virgil's *bubo* (*Aen.* iv. 462-3)? Cf. George Buchanan, *Desiderium Ptolemei*, 17-19:

Noctua successit philomelae, et acanthidi bubo,
stryxque nocens pueris, et tristis ad omnia cornix;
raucaque fluminaea recinunt convicia ranae;

and Thomas Watson, *Eclogua in obitum . . . Walsinghami*, ed. Arber, p. 162:

Et bubo, Strygesque
vulturisque gemant.

380. *Latmian shepherd*. Endymion.

PAGE 85. AN HYMNE IN HONOR OF BEAUTIE

The second of the *Fowre Hymnes*, published (along with *Prothalamion*) in 1596. In the dedication, Spenser speaks of it as having been composed 'in the greener times of my youth'.

The community of the 'Platonic' cult makes it difficult to determine precisely under what influences Spenser worked. The influence of Ficino's Commentary on the *Symposium* (1495) is distinct; in many places the poem can be illustrated from Giordano Bruno's treatise *Degli Heroici Furori* (1585; dedicated to Sidney)—but mainly, perhaps, because Bruno represents more than any other one man the temper of Renaissance philosophy and its eclectic origins. There are many other possible sources, but the fourth Book of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* would supply almost all he required for this poem, its very brevity making it the more useful for controlling the sequence of thought; it will suffice to refer once for all to pp. 342-54 of Raleigh's edition of Hoby's translation, *The Courtier* of 1561, as the most accessible of the documents certainly known to Spenser. Above all, the *Phaedrus* and the *Symposium* are important, for Spenser is closer to Plato himself than to the commentators, in whom the effort to reconcile Platonism and Christianity had bred a mysticism that led further from both doctrines than Spenser ever went.

7. *Matter of my fire*, subject of my love.

29-35. *Timaëus*, 28-9.

55. *Cyprian Queene*. Venus, whose favourite dwelling was in Cyprus.

66-7. *goodly temperament of pure complexions*, perfect combination in the body of the four 'elements' or 'humours'.

132-3. Cf. *F. Q.* III. vi. 37, and note.

135. *corpse*. At this date not necessarily a *dead* body.

137. *conditions*, qualities; Hoby translates *costumi* by *conditions*.

143. *course of kind*, order of nature; a Chaucerian phrase.

150. *hew*, appearance in general, not only colour. Cf. *F. Q.* II. ix. 52; III. vi. 33. By *hew* Hoby translates Castiglione's *sangue* (blood; cf. line 140), meaning *personality*.

198. *likely*, similar.

PAGE 97. THE FAERIE QUEENE

DEDICATION. As in ed. 2, 1596; much amplified from ed. 1 1590, which is without 'renowned . . . government', 'and of Virginia', and the last nine lines.

BOOK I. INTRODUCTION.

This reference to *The Shepheardes Calender* is imitated from the Introduction to the *Aeneid*:

Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena
carmen, et egressus silvis vicina coegi
ut quamvis avido parerent arva colono,
gratum opus agricolis; at nunc horrentia Martis,
arma virumque cano . . .

And at line 12:

Musa mihi causas memoria . . .

ii. 1. *holy Virgin chiefe of nine*. Calliope, Muse of Heroic Poetry—'Calliope, who is the chiefest of them all' (Hesiod, *Theogony*, 79). Spenser's subject is not history, of which Clio is the Muse, but the more ancient annals recorded by the heroic poets. Cf. *Shep. Cal.*, *Apr.*, 100, and see *Teares of the Muses*, 427-63.

2. *weaker*, too weak—a Latinism.

5. *Tanaquill*. A British princess; by analogy, Queen Elizabeth. See *F. Q.* II. x. 76.

6. *Briton Prince*. Prince Arthur.

iii. 7. *Mari*. Mars. This form, taken from the oblique cases, is used by Chaucer, e.g. *Knight's Tale*, 1163-6.

iv. 1-4. *Goddesse*, &c. Queen Elizabeth.

PAGE 98. BOOK I, CANTO I, STANZAS I-XII.

The theme of this Book is the conflict of Holiness (the Red Cross Knight, St. George) with various forms of evil, culminating in the overthrow of 'the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil' (Revelation xx. 2), and the rescue of mankind (Una's parents), to which adventure the Knight has been led by Una (Truth, the Church). In the following passages, the allegory, which is largely biblical and theological, is the common allegory of the preachers.

- ii. 8. *sad*, serious, grave (not *sorrowful*, as in st. iv. 6).
 iii. 4. *worship*, honour. O.E. *weorþscipe*, worthiness.
 v. 9. *compeld*. A somewhat literal use of Lat. *compellere* ;
brought, not *forced*.

vi. 7. *Leman*, lover, mistress ; here the Earth. The metaphor is common in the Latin poets, e.g. *Pervigilium Veneris*, 60 :

In sinum maritus imber fluxit almae coniugis.

8. *to shrowd it*, to shroud, shelter, himself from it.

viii-ix. *The wood* is the abode of Error. In this list of trees (a traditional feature which goes back to Ovid, *Met.* x. 90-105) Spenser imitates Chaucer, *Parlement of Foules*, 172-82.

viii. 6. *saying Pine*. The pine being used for ships.

7. *vine-prop Elm*. In Italy the vines are trained on elms. See Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 'Amictae vitibus ulmi', Ovid, *Met.* x. 100.

Poplar never dry. Perhaps because it flourishes in wet ground. Cf. Ovid, *Rem. Amor.* 141 :

Quam platanus vino gaudet, quam populus unda . . .

ix. 5. *Sallow for the mill*. The willow, the wood of which is used in making water-wheels.

7. *warlike Beech*. The epithet is obscure.

9. *carver Holme*. The holly, whose wood is useful for carving ; the epithet would not suit the holm-oak or evergreen oak so well.

PAGE 103. BOOK I, CANTO XI.

This Canto is not one of the most beautiful of *The Faerie Queene* ; but it is sometimes forgotten that the energy of the Renaissance could beget the dreadful and grotesque as well as the sweet and gracious. The Canto shows also Spenser's adaptation of English popular romance to his allegorical purpose, since the incidents of the fight are elaborated from *Sir Bevis of Hampton*. (See Early English Text Society edition, pp. 128-31.) The illustration (p. 102) faces Book II in the original editions.

iv. 3. *uneath*, literally, *with difficulty, hardly* ; here, *almost*.

9. *untill*, unto ; an archaic usage, still current in the North.

v. 6 ff. *Muse*. Calliope, as in *Introd.*, st. ii.

7. *Phoebus and his aged bride*. Sometimes Jupiter, sometimes Apollo is said to be the father of the Muses ; their mother was Mnemosyne, Memory, represented as aged because she remembers ancient things.

vi. 4. *Heroës*. A trisyllable, as frequently in Spenser.

vii. 2-4. Evidently a reference to a projected later portion of *The Faerie Queene*, lost or never written.

7-8. See *Shep. Cal.*, *Oct.*, 50 and gloss.

xii. 1-2. The subject of the sentence is *sharpnesse*.

xiv. 9. The dragon's eyes were so deep-set that the shadow round them enhanced their glare.

xvi. 4. *harder*. Too hard ; cf. 'weaker', *Introd.*, st. ii, l. 2.

xviii. 7. *sayles*. The technical term in falconry for the wings of a hawk.

8. *stouping*. The technical term for a hawk's swoop down on its prey.

xix. 1. *subject*. A latinism; the plain lying below, *subiectus*.

5. *hagard hauke*. A haggard is a hawk captured after its first moult, more difficult to tame, but more powerful in flight than the eyas (see st. xxxiv), which is taken from the nest before it has flown on its own account, and reared by hand.

6. *above his hable might*. Above the power of his ability.

7. *pounces*. The technical term for the fore-claws of a hawk.

8. *trusse the prey*. To gather it in the talons so that it can be carried easily.

xxiii. 5. *implyes*. Literal use of Lat. *implicare*, to entangle.

xxvi. 4. *his beard*, i.e. the knight's.

xxvii. 1. *that great Champion*. Hercules.

xxix. 9. *the Well of Life*. Revelation xxii. 1: 'a pure river of water of life.' It signifies divine grace.

xxx. 6. *Silo*. The pool of Siloam, St. John ix. 7.

Jordan. Reference to the story of Naaman, 2 Kings v.

8. *Cephise*. The river Cephisus, near Athens; *Hebrus*, in Thrace. Neither was famed for any healing properties, but Spenser probably remembered, somewhat vaguely, Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* ii. 230 'In Falisco omnis aqua pota candidos boves facit, in Boeotia amnis Melas oves nigras, Cephisus . . . albas'; and Horace, *Epist.* i. 16. 12-14:

Fons ut nec
frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,
infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.

xxxii. 4. *entirely*, whole-heartedly.

xxxiii. 8. *safety*. A trisyllable.

xxxiv. 3-8. The legend that the eagle renews his youth is common in mediaeval treatises on natural history. See *A Bestiary*, Early English Text Society, Old Ser., 49, I; and cf. Psalm ciii. 5.

6-8. *Eyas hauke*. See note on st. xix. 5. The eyas, being reared in captivity, would be permitted to fly only after it had come to full plumage and had gained some strength; hence the force of the simile.

xxxv. 6. *deaw-burning*. 'Shining with the holy dew of the Well' (Upton).

xxxvi. 7. *molten mettall*. Any metal that ever was molten.

xxxvii. 6. *buxome*. Yielding; the original meaning, from O.E. *bugan*, to bend.

xxxviii. 2. *intended*. Stretched out. Lat. *intendere*.

xli. 6. *gage*. A pledge; the symbol of dispute, as in 'gage of battle', hence the thing disputed.

xlvi-xlviii. *the tree of Life*. Revelation xxii. 2: 'Of ether side

of the river was the tre of life, which bare twelve *maner* of frutes, and gave frute everie moneth; and the leaves of the tree served to heal the nations therewith.' (Geneva Version, 1560.)

xlvi. 9. *crime*. Lat. *crimen*, accusation; by metonymy, cause of reproach. Since by their disobedience our first parents were debarred from eating it, the Tree of Life is a perpetual reproach to them.

xlvii. Genesis ii. 9: 'For out of the ground made the Lorde God to growe every tree pleasant to the sight, and good for meate; the tree of life also in the middes of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and of evill.'

xlix. 2. *was deadly made*. Belonged to the kingdom of Death.

lii. 2. *woundes*. A disyllable, like *cloudes*, st. liv. 2. Chaucerian.

lv. 4. *which she misdeem'd*. In which she was mistaken.

PAGE 119. BOOK I, CANTO XII, ST. II-XIII, XXI-XXIII, XXXVII-XL.

This Canto contains one of Spenser's few passages of deliberate realism; a first handling of the Latin marriage-song and marriage ceremony out of which he was to create his *Epithalamion*; and, in the close, a more solemn and mystical tone like that of the *Hymne in Honor of Beautie*.

xiii. 9. *purpose*. Discourse. Fr. *propos*.

xxxvii. 7-9. *and sacred lamp, &c.* This appears to be Spenser's own addition to the ceremonial; he may have been thinking of the fire of Vesta, goddess of purity and of the hearth. The lamp, then, would symbolize the dedication of the household to purity and holiness.

xxxix. 5. *trinal triplicities*. According to the scholastic theology there are three orders of angels, each consisting of three degrees. Spenser uses the phrase again in *An Hymne of Heavenly Love*, 64.

PAGE 124. BOOK II, CANTO VII, ST. XXI-XXXIII.

Sir Guyon, who represents Temperance, has to combat various forms of excess: in this Canto, the love of wealth. The description of the entrance to the Cave of Mammon is based on Virgil, *Aeneid* vi, especially 237-94; but the description is more elaborate as the poet's intention was more complex than Virgil's.

xxi. 3. *a beaten broad highway*. St. Matthew vii. 13. 'It is the wide gate, and broad waye that leadeth to destruction, and manie there be which go in thereat'; *Aen.* vi. 126 '*facilis descensus Averno*'.

21-3. See *Aen.* vi. 273-89.

xxii. 6. *sad Celeno*: *Aen.* iii. 245-6:

Una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno,
infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem.

xxv. 7. *next to death is Sleepe*. *Aen.* vi. 278 '*consanguineus Lethi Sopor*'.

xxix. 5-9. Cf. *Aen.* vi. 270 :

Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
est iter in silvis.

xxx. 1. *n'ill*, ne will—wish not.

8-9. Plutarch, *Life of Marcus Cato*: 'The Samnites sent their Ambassadors to visite (Manius Curius) who . . . presented him with a marvellous deale of gold . . . But Curius returned them again with their gold and told them, that . . . for his part, he thought it greater honor to command them that had gold, then to have it himself.' (Tr. North, 1579.)

PAGE 128. BOOK II, CANTO IX, ST. XLVII-LVII.

In the Sixth Day of *La Semaine, ou Création du Monde* (1578), the Huguenot Guillaume Saluste du Bartas described the human body in an elaborate series of metaphors and similes, which Spenser elaborated still further into a disquisition on physiology. Guyon and Prince Arthur come to the rescue of the lady Alma (the soul), besieged by vices and passions in her Castle (the body), through which they are conducted.

xlvi. 2. *This part*. The turret of the castle, i.e. the head. Du Bartas, i. vi. 503-4 :

Mais tu logeas encore l'humain entendement
En l'estage plus haut de ce beau bastiment.

4-5. 'God created man in his own image.' Genesis i. 27. There may be a reference also to the idea of man as the 'microcosm', the universe in little. The head, as the highest and most honourable part of man, the seat of the intelligence, would then rightly represent heaven. Cf. Ronsard, *Sonnets pour Hélène*, ed. Blanchemain, i. xxvii.

xlvi. 1-2. In Plato's *Apology of Socrates*, 21, Socrates says: 'Chaerophon . . . went to Delphi and boldly asked the oracle to tell him, whether . . . any one was wiser than I was, and the Pythian prophetess answered, that there was no man wiser.' (Tr. Jowett.)

4-6. *that sage Pylian syre*. Nestor.

5. *contrive*. Latin *conterere* (vitam), pret. *contrivi*, to spend (life).

8. *did sundry dwell*. Dwelt apart each from the others.

xl. 7. *prejudize*. Prejudgement.

1-li. Spenser possibly had in mind Chaucer's *Hous of Fame* in this description.

lii. 2. *Phantastes*. The Imagination, from *φαντασία*, the image-forming faculty.

9. *Saturne*. The most malign of the planets, whose influence breeds sorrow and strife; thus his astronomical 'house' is that of 'agonies'.

liii. 9. *wittily*. In the older meaning of *wit* already exemplified in this passage—intellectual power.

- liv. 2. *A man of ripe and perfect age.* The Judgement.
 lv. 5. *old oldman.* Memory, later in the Canto called Eumnestes, εὐμνήστης, well-memoried.

PAGE 131. BOOK III, CANTO VI, ST. XXX-XLII.

Book III treats of Chastity in the person of Britomart, the female knight whose character Spenser borrowed from Ariosto's Bradamante. Britomart and her lover Arthegall are the ancestors of the House of Tudor, as Bradamante and Ruggiero are of the House of Este, Ariosto's patrons. The Book centres round the forms and phases of love and the counterfeits of lust which Britomart combats. For chastity, to Spenser, is neither an ascetic negation nor a sheltered ignorance, but a positive militant virtue, the essential condition of true love, which is the fulfilment of life in honour and virtue. This passage is a myth after the manner of Plato—an appeal to the imagination in treating of matters beyond the grasp of reason.

Spenser follows the example of Ariosto as described by the critic Pigna (*I Romanzi*, 1554): 'And since in such a diversity of varied professions (as the poet has to know) there can be the opinions of many philosophers, he set himself to them; here he is Stoic, there Platonic, and on one side follows one theory, and on another, another.' Conduct, rather than science or metaphysic, was Spenser's interest, his end poetry, not a system. Thus in this passage as in the *Beautie Hymn* the influence of Bruno might be alleged (e.g. in st. xxxvii-xxxviii), yet Spenser agrees with him only in so far as the Italian's theories coincide with others which Spenser would certainly know already. That Venus is the power of procreation is most clearly stated by Lucretius; the idea of Adonis as presiding over growth was probably suggested by Macrobius (*Saturnalia*, I. xxi), who interprets the story of Adonis as a solar myth. The Aristotelian definition of matter and form in the *Metaphysic* (e.g. 1029a, 1-9) and its application to body and soul in the *de Anima*, ii. 1-2, the study of Lucretius, of the *Phaedo* of Plato, and other remains of his Cambridge training, supply the basis of thought; the form is developed from the ancient custom of growing 'gardens of Adonis' frequently mentioned by Greek writers, from the second chapter of Genesis, and from Pliny's discussion of gardens, e.g. xix. 4. 19. The description of the garden is itself in the long line of tradition from Homer (*Odyssey* vii) to Chaucer.

xxx. Cf. Lucretius, i. 169-71 and 205-7.

xxxi. 3. Cf. Claudian, *de Nuptiis Honorii et Mariae*, 56-7:

Hunc aurea sepes
 circuit, et fulvo defendit prata metallo:

and the usual representation of St. Peter with his two keys, of which 'The golden opes, the iron shuts amain' (*Lycidas*, 111).

xxxii-xxxiii. The *Tabula* of Cebes, a common school-book in the sixteenth century, is drawn upon here : ' On the first circle was a gateway, near which was pictured a crowd of folk . . . At the gate stood an old man, who seemed to be giving some sort of advice to the crowd which was entering . . . An old man standing near us . . . said, " Know that this circle is called Life. The great crowd you see standing beside the gate are those about to journey into Life. The old man standing above the crowd holding a paper in his hand, and seeming to be showing something with the other, is called the Genius. He is giving those who are entering advice as to what they must do when they enter into Life, and he shows them the road they must take, if they wish to go unharmed through it." ' (Tr. R. T. Clark.) The alternation of life and death is set forth in the *Phaedo* of Plato, 70-2. ' There comes into my mind an ancient doctrine which affirms that (the souls of men) go from hence into the other world, and returning hither, are born again from the dead . . . We arrive at the conclusion that the living come from the dead, just as the dead come from the living ; and this, if true, affords a most certain proof that the souls of the dead exist in some place out of which they come again.' (Tr. Jowett.) The omission by Spenser of any idea of purgation in the process is probably due in part to the mixture of Platonic and Lucretian theory, and partly to his avoidance of anything which might savour of Roman Catholic doctrine.

xxxiv. Genesis i. 22, 28.

9. *imply*. Cf. I. xi. xxiii. 5 (p. 109).

xxxvi. Lucretius i. 1031-7.

3-5. Luc. ii. 303 :

nec rerum summam commutare ulla potest vis.

6-9. Cf. Ovid, *Met.* i. 5-31.

xxxvii. Aristotle, *de Anima*, ii. 2 : ' There is one class of existent things which we call substance, including under that term, firstly, matter which in itself is not this or that ; secondly, shape or form, in virtue of which the term this or that is at once applied ; thirdly, the whole made up of matter and form. Matter is identical with potentiality, form with actuality,' &c. (Tr. Hicks.)

6-9. Lucretius i. 215-16 and 234-7.

xxxviii. Lucretius v. 828-31.

xxxix-xl. Lucretius v. 306-10.

xl. 6. *spyde*. A slip in copying, for *saw*. Spenser probably had an alternative version with this rhyme in *-yde*, rejected it because of its likeness to the rhymes in *-ight*, and confused the two in writing out the stanza.

xli-xlvi. To the references already given might be added Ovid, *Met.* x. 90 ff. and Claudian, *de Raptu Proserpinae*, ii. 128 ff., 290 ff. ; *de Nuptiis Honorii et Mariae*, 49-95.

xlvi. Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, xvi. 11.

PAGE 135. BOOK III, CANTO XII, ST. I-XXVII.

The scene of this adventure is the house of the enchanter Busyrane, 'where love's spoyles are exprest' (argument to Canto xi). The 'maske' is of the simple early form, the 'disguising'; the allegory is after the mediaeval manner. It is an exercise of ingenuity rather than an appeal to the supra-reasonable imagination, decorative rather than evocative of thought, but it has rarely been better done than by Spenser. The pseudo-Chaucerian *Court of Love* (especially ll. 1023-1316) and the first section of Petrarch's *Trionfo d'Amore* (and the wood-cuts with which many editions of the *Trionfi* were illustrated) were probably the most immediate sources, but the literary tradition goes back through the *Romance of the Rose* to Claudian and Ovid, and to Catullus and Propertius.

i. 5. *She*. Britomart.

ii. 1-6. Association is one of the charms of imitation, but at times a danger; in spite of incongruity one cannot avoid 1 Kings xix. 11-12: 'a mightie strong winde rent the mountaines, and brake the rockes . . . and after the winde came an earthquake . . . and after the earthquake came fyre.'

9. *persevered*. Four syllables, the main accent being on the second, as was usual in Spenser's time.

iii. 5-iv. In the Senecan tragedy of the sixteenth century the actions of the play were conveyed in dumb show as prologue and between the acts. 'Ease' acts the usual 'presentation' or preliminary speech of the Masque.

vii. 3. *that ympe of Troy*. Ganymede.

5-9. *Alcides*. Hercules. Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* vi. 43-4:

Hylan nautae quo fonte relictum
clamassent, ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.

x. 4. *Albanese-wyse*. After the manner of the Albanians.

xvii. 6. *she did tosse*. The rhyme demands *Tost*. Church conjectures 'a fiërbrand she tost'.

xxii. 3. *Elfe*. Spenser often uses this term for his fairy knights. Here it means 'spirit'.

xxii-xxiii. Cf. Marot, *Le Temple de Cupido*, 5-8:

Ce jeune enfant Cupido, dieu d'aymer,
Ses yeulx bandez commanda deffermer,
Pour contempler de son throsne celeste
Tous les amants qu'il attainct et moleste.

xxiii. 8. *many*. Train, following; from M.E. *meynee*, O.Fr. *mesnie*.

xxv. 2. *names* is taken as collective; hence the singular verb. *To read*, to tell, as frequently in Spenser.

PAGE 143. BOOK IV, CANTO VI, ST. I-XLI.

Though Book IV is dedicated to Friendship in the persons of Cambell and Triamond, it is mainly a continuation of the story of Britomart and Arthegall, and of the theme of Love. The ideal of Spenser is equal love and equal honour between man and woman, an ideal of simple human virtue essentially opposed to the Neoplatonic individualism so attractive to the Renaissance poets, and Spenser among them. The following passage is in the style of Malory and Ariosto: a human episode of love and fighting, a manifestation of the power of love and beauty, with no special allegorical significance behind it. Cf. *Orlando Furioso*, xlv. 70 ff.; *Morte Darthur*, x. v; xii. vii-viii; and especially iv. xviii.

i. Scudamour mourns the loss of his lady Amoret, who is under the protection of Britomart. His 'misconceit' (ii. 4) lies in his ignorance of Britomart's sex.

9. *Dan Phebus*. God of Healing; cf. Chaucer, *House of Fame*, 132, 'daun Cupido'. *Dan* is a contraction of *dominus*, lord.

ii. 8. *them*. i.e. Scudamour and his Squire.

vi. 1. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

4. *hebene spear*. Britomart had a magic spear which none could withstand; it is copied from Bradamante's, which was, however, of gold, not of ebony. See Book III. i. 9-10.

xxv. 1. *Glaucé*. Britomart's nurse, an old woman (γλαυκή, gray), who acts as her squire. She signifies Prudence attending on Chastity.

xxvi. 4-6. The appearance to Britomart of her predestined husband in the magic mirror of Merlin is described in Book III. ii. 17-27.

xxvi. 9. *enhaunced*. Literally, uplifted.

xxviii. 3. *that Hag*. Até, Discord, the opposite of Friendship, who had bred the strife by which Scudamour and Amoret were separated.

xxxiv. 5. *Sir*. Britomart being dressed and armed like a knight, Scudamour is uncertain in his manner of address.

xxxviii. 2. *sight*. Appearance; so also in vii. vii. 40.

xli. 3. *unto a bay*. A hunting metaphor—at bay (cf. Fr. *aux abois*).

PAGE 154. BOOK V, CANTO II, ST. XXX-LIV.

In this Book Arthegall represents Justice, and, in the political allegory, Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy in Ireland, 1580-2, as whose secretary Spenser went to Ireland; Talus the Iron Man stands for the civil power, the executive force of Justice. Here Spenser's imagination creates a dramatic image to convey his abstract thought on 'distributive' justice. (Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, ii. 6-9; v. 3). There is a

theological as well as a temperamental basis for his aristocratic conservatism; the Giant arrogates to himself the power of God, 'who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.' (Isaiah xl. 12.)

xxx. 1. *they*. Arthegall and Talus.

3. *ballance*: occasionally used as a plural in the sixteenth century.

xxxvi. 1-4. Cf. Boethius, *de Consolatione Philosophiae*, i. metrum v, and IV. metrum vi.

5. *in pound*. By weight. Lat. *pondo*.

xxxix-xl. See Book III. vi. 36-8, and notes.

xli. 1-8. 1 Samuel ii. 3, 6-7: 'Speake no more presumptuously; let not arrogancie come out of your mouth: for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him enterprises are established. The Lord killeth and maketh alive: bringeth down to the grave, and raiseth up. The Lord maketh poore and maketh rich: bringeth low, and exalteth.'

9. Job xli. 11: 'Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine'; and xlii. 2: 'I knowe that thou canst do all things.'

xlii. 5-xliii. 2 Esdras iv. 5-11: 'Go thy way: weigh me the weight of the fyre, or measure me the blast of the winde, or call me againe the daye that is past . . . But now have I asked thee but of fire and winde, and of the day whereby thou hast passed, and from the which things thou canst not be separated, and yet canst thou give me none answer of them . . . Thine owne things, and such as are growne up with thee, canst thou not knowe. How shulde thy vessel then be able to comprehend the wayes of the Hiest?'

xlx. 5. *the meane*. Referring to the Aristotelian view of justice as that which lies midway between extremes of excess and defect.

liv. In hawking 'at the brook' the hawk was trained to soar high and 'stoop' at waterfowl 'flushed' by its master or by dogs.

PAGE 162. BOOK VI, CANTO X, ST. V-XXVIII.

The pastoral lingered in Spenser's imagination all his life: not only by habit of the common Virgilian figure of the poet as shepherd, but in the spirit of Boccaccio's commendation of rural quiet and simplicity: '*ob meditationis commodum solitudines incoluere poetæ*' (*de Gen. Deor. Gent.* xiv. 11). In the following passage, besides the general idea of active life breaking in on the happy peace of the scholar-poet, Spenser probably reflects on his own translation from Kent to Ireland.

Sir Calidore (Courtesy, and perhaps a reminiscence of Sir Philip Sidney) falls in love with the shepherdess Pastorella, and, leaving his quest of the Blatant Beast (Detraction), lives

pleasantly with the shepherd folk ; for the courteous man is at ease in company of gentle or simple.

v. 1. *he*. Calidore.

vi-viii. The haunt of the Graces, though perhaps suggesting the hills north of Kilcolman, recalls the ' bright dancing-places and beautiful homes ' of the Muses, ' a little way from the topmost peak of snowy Olympus ' (Hesiod, *Theogony*, 61-3), and many descriptions, as Ovid's (*Met.* x. 86-100) :

Collis erat, collemque super planissima campi
area : quam viridem faciebant graminis herbae, &c. ;
and Claudian's (*de R. P.* ii. 101-4) :

Curvata tumore
parvo planities, et mollibus edita clivis
creverat in collem ; vivo de pumice fontes
roscida mollibus lambebant gramina rivis . . .

vi. 7-9. *Parlement of Foules*, 323-4 :

the foules of ravyne

Were hyst set, and than the foules smale.

viii. 9. *Acidale*. Spenser knew well that ' Acidale ' was the name of the Graces' fountain (see *Epith.* 310), but the name here has some significance. Boccaccio, following a hint from Servius, derives the name of the fountain from ' akida, quidem Graeca, latine cura sonat, qua plurimam infestantur amantes ' ; but Spenser seems to have in mind the word ἀκηδής, *free from care*, applied to the Muses by Hesiod in the passage referred to above.

ix. 6. *Cytheron*. Mediaeval confusion of Mount Cithaeron and Venus's island Cythera. See Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, 1078.

xiii. 1. *the crowne*. Ovid, *Met.* viii. 152-82.

5. The battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithae took place at the wedding of Perithous and Hippodamia : Spenser did not consider himself bound to give the accepted, or any known version of the pagan myths.

xxi. 2. *shepherd*. Calidore had exchanged his knightly attire for that of a shepherd.

xxii. 5. *Æacidae*. Aeacides, i.e. Peleus, son of Aeacus. These two lines are Spenser's own addition to the story.

xxiii-xxiv. *The Graces*. Their names and parentage are given by Hesiod, *Theogony*, 907-11. Cf. Servius in *Aen.* i. 724 ' Gratiae . . . quas Veneri constat esse sacratas . . . nudae sunt, quod gratiae sine fūco esse debent . . . Quod vero una aversa pingitur, duae nos respicientes, haec ratio est : quia profecta a nobis gratia, duplex solet reverti.' Spenser reverses this last statement in accordance with Christian courtesy, and raises the whole myth to a higher level ; e.g. in comparison with Seneca (*de Beneficiis*, i. 3).

xxvi. 1. *daughter of the day*. Hesperus, i.e. Venus as an evening star ; or perhaps the moon, from Horace, *Odes* i. 13. 47-8.

PAGE 168. BOOK VII, CANTO VII, ST. XXVIII-XLIH.

The fragment of Book VII, consisting of Cantos vi and vii and two stanzas of Canto viii, was first published in the Folio of 1609 under the heading 'Two Cantos of Mutabilitie; which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare to be parcell of some following Booke of the Faerie Queene, under the Legend of Constancie'. The following passage occurs in a mythological discussion of Mutability as an illustration of the series of changes wrought by time, and is purely decorative, not allegorical *per se*. For the symbols and occupations of the months as depicted in mediaeval Calendars and Books of Hours, and comparison of this passage, see Ruskin, *The Stones of Venice*, Vol. II, chap. vii, §§ 52-3.

xxxii. 3. *First . . . March*. The official year began on Lady Day, March 25th, until 1753, but January 1st began the year in popular usage, for which reason *The Shepheardes Calender* begins with January. E. K. discusses the point in his 'General Argument'.

4-5. *Ram*. The Ram with the golden fleece.

xxxv. 2. *a Player*. Collier suggests a reference to Robert Laneham's *Letter* (ed. Furnivall, p. 14): 'Oout of the woods . . . came thear foorth *Hombre Salvagio* . . . forgrone (over-grown) all in moss and ivy.' Cf. note to *Shep. Cal.*, *Apr.*, 300.

9. This has been interpreted as a sign of Spenser's objection to some of the later developments of Puritanism: it may be simply a general reference to hypocrisy.

xxxvi. 6. *th'Amphytrionide*. Hercules, reputed son of Amphytrion.

xxxvii. 6. *the righteous Virgin*. Astraea.

9. *extold*. In the literal sense of Lat. *ex-tollere*, to take up.

xxxix. 2. *his noule*, &c. A reminiscence of Chaucer, *Reve's Tale*, 333:

My hede is totty of my swink tonight.

xl. 8. *Centaure*. Sagittarius, the archer, usually so represented.

xli. 7. *The Idæan maid*. Amalthea; see Ovid, *Fasti* v. 115 ff.

xlii. 3. *quell*, kill; intransitive use of the verb, as meaning *die*.

xliii. 3. *fishes for the season fitting*. For the beginning of Lent.

PAGE 173. LETTERS TO GABRIEL HARVEY.

Dated 5 Oct. 1579, and 'Quarto Nonas Aprilis' (2nd April) 1580 respectively, and published in separate pamphlets in 1580 along with Harvey's replies. Reprinted here from *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, ed. G. Gregory Smith.

At the time of these letters Spenser is in the household of the Earl of Leicester, and is about to publish *The Shepheardes Calender*, of the wisdom of which venture he is in doubt.

PAGE 173. 15. *their noble eares*, i.e. the ears of the Earl of Leicester and his nephew Sir Philip Sidney.

19. *a private Personage*. 'Rosalind', the lady of *The Shepheardes Calender*.

PAGE 174. 21. *Master Dyer*. Edward Dyer (1545?-1607), courtier and poet, protégé of Leicester and friend of Sidney.

26. ἀρείω πᾶν. 'Mars' Hill' (Acts xvii. 22), the highest judicial court of ancient Athens. There was not, apparently, any formal literary association called the Areopagus, but these young men, living in the same circle, and all keenly interested in poetry, would naturally meet to discuss literary and other subjects, as Bruno describes in his *Ash-Wednesday Supper* (*Cena de le Cenere*, 1583), and they may have been pleased to liken their meetings to those which are the framework of many of their favourite books, for instance, Bembo's *Asolani*, and Castiglione's *Cortegiano*.

33. *The Schoole of Abuse*. By Stephen Gosson, 1579; an invective against poets and players, remembered chiefly as having provoked Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*.

PAGE 175. 3. *Slomber*. A *Senights Slomber* is mentioned as extant though unpublished by Ponsonby, the publisher, in his preface to *Complaints*.

8. *cum Aschamo*. See *Scholemaster*, ed. Arber, p. 144 ff.

It appears from this passage that it was Sidney, not Harvey as is usually stated, who turned Spenser to quantitative verse.

19. *Epithalamion Thamesis*. Not extant as a separate poem, but probably a first sketch of *F. Q.* iv. xi.

32. *O Tite*, &c. The opening of Cicero's dialogue *de Senectute*.

34. *Dying Pellicane*. Another lost poem.

PAGE 176. LETTER TO RALEIGH.

Appended to some copies of the first edition of *The Faerie Queene*, 1590; prefixed to the edition of 1609.

PAGE 177. 10. *twelve private morall vertues*. Aristotle gives no list of twelve; the number is dictated by the convention that an epic or heroic poem should consist of twelve books, on the model of the *Aeneid*.

22. *Xenophon*. The reference is to the *Cyropaedia*, 'The Education of Cyrus', as compared with the *Republic* of Plato.

PAGE 178. 12. *magnificence*. 'Magnanimity'; Aristotle's μεγαλοψυχία.

26. *the Methode of a Poet historical*. This commonplace of Renaissance criticism goes back to Horace, *Ars Poetica* 146-52. The contrast with the historian is made most clearly by Ronsard, in his preface to *La Franciade*, 1572.

36. *Annually feaste*. Probably modelled on the feast which King Arthur held each year at Pentecost.

Date. In modern style, 1590. See note to *F. Q.* vii. vii. xxxii.

GLOSSARY

This glossary includes only such words as do not appear in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. References to The Faerie Queene are given in figures only, thus: i. ii. 3 means Faerie Queene, Book I, Canto ii, stanza 3. The Month alone stands for the Shepheardes Calender, thus: Apr., Oct.

- Abrayd* (iv. vi. 24) : to start, usually from sleep or a swoon. O.E. *a+bregðan*. The false present *abray* (vi. vi. 36) is of Spenser's own invention.
- Adaw* (iv. vi. 26) : to subdue, daunt. First used by sixteenth-century archaists, probably mistaking the M.E. idiom *to do adawe*: to do out of life.
- Æmuling* (C. C. 72) : emulating ; a Spenserian form.
- Algates* (iv. vi. 13) : altogether (in this case).
- Aread* (i. Int. 1) : advise, counsel. O.E. *arædan*.
- Assoyle* (vii. vii. 38) : literally, to absolve ; a loose Spenserian usage.
- Attone* (v. ii. 48) : at once ; more usually, *attones*.
- Aventring* (iv. vi. 11) ; couching, laying in rest. Etym. obscure, but possible Fr. *a+ventre*.
- Avizeful* (iv. vi. 26) : comprehending. Fr. *aviser+ful*.
- Baid* (R. T. 215) : bayed, barked at.
- Bases* (vi. x. 8) : running games, e.g. bidding base, Oct. 5, q.v.
- Behight* (Apr. 120) : called, named. *be+high*t.
- Behot* (iv. vi. 38) : past tense of *behight* (O.E. *behatan*) to promise. (i. xi. 38) : hold out hope of.
- Bel-accoyle* (iv. vi. 25) : fair greeting. O.Fr.
- Belgards* (Hymne, 256) : fair looks. Ital. *bel guardo*.
- Bland* (Hymne, 171) : flatter, deceive. O.Fr. *blandir*. A by-form of *blandish*.
- Bordrags* (C. C. 315) : raids. Possibly a corruption of some Irish word.
- Boughtes* (i. xi. 11) : coils. Parallel to *bight* by assimilation with *bow*.
- Breem* (vii. vii. 40) : stormy, fierce. M.E.
- Cantion* (Oct. 133) : a song. Lat. *cantion-em* ; cf. Fr. *chanson*.
- Capuccio* (iii. xii. 10) : a hood. Ital.
- Chauffed* (i. xi. 15, &c.) : chafed, heated, fuming. Fr. *chauffer*, to heat.
- Cherry* (vi. x. 22) : Fr. *chérir*, or an abbreviation of *cherish*.
- Chynd* (iv. vi. 13) : cut or broke the back (*chine*) of ; clove. O.E. *ci nan* ; cf. Fr. *échine*.
- Cond* (C. C. 74) : knew. Past tense of *ken* : O.E. *cunnan*, to know.
- Counterpeize* (v. ii. 46) : counterpoise. See *peize*.
- Croud* (Ep. 131) : an early form of fiddle. The name is probably Celtic.
- Damnifye* (i. xi. 52) : injure. O.Fr. *damnifier*, from Lat. *damnum*.

- Decrewed* (iv. vi. 18) : decreased, waned. O.Fr. *décru*, p.p. of *décreistre*, Mod.Fr. *décroître*.
- Defeasance* (i. xii. 12) : defeat, overthrow. M.E. *defesaunce*.
- Defeature* (iv. vi. 17) : defeat.
- Deflore* (Hymne, 39) : deflower, violate, desecrate.
- Delaye* (Apr. 171) : moisten. Fr. *délayer*.
- Descant* (Ep. 81) : song ; treble sung or played to a ground bass.
- Discoloured* (i. xi. 31 *et pass.*) : variously coloured.
- Disentrayle* (iv. vi. 16) : draw forth from the entrails.
- Doubted* (Oct. 41) : redoubted, feared.
- Dreriment* (Ep. 11 *et pass.*) : sorrow. Spenserian invention, dreary +ment.
- Earne* (i. i. 3) : yearn.
- Eath* (iv. vi. 40) : easy.
- Eft* (Hymne, 114 *et pass.*) : afterwards.
- Embosse* (i. xi. 20) : plunge, fix. Spenserian usage.
- Emboyst* (iii. xii. 17) : tired out. A hunting term.
- Emboyled* (i. xi. 28) : boiled (both literally and metaphorically). Spenserian : *em+boiled*.
- Empight* (Hymne, 49) : fixed in, implanted in. See *pight*.
- Enchace* (i. xii. 23) : to set, as a jewel. Fr. *enchâsser*.
- Enfouldred* (i. xi. 40) : hurled like a thunderbolt. O.Fr. *fouldre*, Fr. *foudre*.
- Engorged* (i. xi. 40) : crammed. Fr. *engorger* ; *en+gorge*, the throat.
- Enraced* (Hymne, 114 ; vi. x. 25) : implanted.
- Epiphonematicos* (Oct. 301) : by way of envoy. Term of rhetoric : ἐπιφωνηματικὸς.
- Fewter* (iv. vi. 10) : to lay (spear) in rest. Fr. *feutre*, the felt lining of the spear-rest.
- Fit* (C. C. 69) : a stave of song. Often spelt *fytte*.
- Fit* (iv. vi. 30) : painful experience.
- Flitting* (i. xi. 13) : unstable. Translates Lat. *leves* (*aurae*).
- Fon* (Oct. 91) : fond, foolish.
- Forthy* (ii. ix. 49) : therefore.
- Gests* (ii. ix. 53) : actions, exploits. O.Fr. *gestes*, Lat. *gesta*. Archaic in Spenser's time.
- Goolds* (C. C. 339) : golds, marigolds.
- Grayne*, *dyde in* (Ep. 228) : scarlet dye ; kermes. Med.Lat. *grana*, berry, the insects of which the dye is made being thought to be berries.
- Gride* (iv. vi. 1) : pierce, wound.
- Grosse* (i. xi. 20) : clumsy, rude.
- Gust* (vii. vii. 39) : taste. Ital. *gusto*.
- Heben* (i. Int. 3 ; iv. vi. 6) : ebony. Lat. *hebenus*.
- Hippodames* (ii. ix. 50) : In iii. xi. 40 this word stands for *hippocamps*, the mythical sea-horses of Neptune ; confused by Spenser (perhaps intentionally) with *hippotame*, hippopotamus.
- Hooved* (C. C. 666) : swelled. Northern ; apparently a derivative of *heave*.
- Hot* (i. xi. 29) : was named. Parallel form of *hight* ; O.E. *hatan*.
- Housling* (i. xii. 37) : purifying (by ceremonial lustration). O.E. *hūslīan*, to administer communion.

- Impe* (I. Int. 3 *et pass.*) : offspring. O.E. *impa*. Cf. modern use of *scion*.
Intendiment (III. xii. 5) : meaning.
Libbard (VII. vii. 29) : leopard.
Liefe (C. C. 16) : dear. O.E. *leof*.
Limbeck (VII. vii. 31) : alembic.
Make (Am. lxx. 11 ; Ep. 87) : mate.
Minished (I. xi. 43) : diminished.
Misconceipt (IV. vi. 2) : misunderstanding.
Misleeke (v. vi. 49) : mislike, dislike.
Mote (*passim*) : may, can ; might. O.E. *mót*, pres. tense of *móste* ; Mod.Eng. *must*. Spenser uses it for both pres. and past tenses.
Mott (C. C. 365) : probably a false past tense for *met*, measured ; O.E. *metan*.
Net (III. xii. 20) : pure, clean. Fr. *net*.
No'te (III. vi. 40) : ne mote : may not, cannot.
Noule (VII. vii. 39) : head. O.E. *hnoll*.
Noyous (I. xi. 50) : vexatious, troublesome.
Oaker (R. T. 205) : ochre.
Paravaunt (C. C. 941 ; VI. x. 15) : before the rest, pre-eminently. O.Fr.
Pawnce (Apr. 142) : pansy.
Pearling (Ep. 155) : forming or looking like pearls.
Peize (v. ii. 46) : weigh. O.Fr. *peiser* ; a parallel form to *poise*.
Pight (I. xi. 25, *et pass.*) : fixed. O.E. *piȝt*, p.p. of *picchen*.
Pill (VI. x. 5) : pillage, plunder. O.E. *pilian* ; Fr. *piller*.
Poyse (v. ii. 34) : weight. O.Fr. *pois*, Mod.Fr. *poids*.
Preace, put in (Oct. 70) : exercise, put in practice ; Spenserian usage (N.E.D.). Prepare (Herford).
Pride (I. xii. 22) : display.
Prime (VII. vii. 43) : spring, the first season.
Principals (E. K. p. 22, 27) : the first two primaries of a hawk's wing.
Raught (p. 5, 2) : reached.
Ray (v. ii. 50) : array.
Recure (E. K. p. 20, 22, *et pass.*) : cure.
Rivage (IV. vi. 20) : river-bank. Fr.
Rudded (Ep. 173) : made red.
Ruddock (Ep. 82) : redbreast.
Scorse (II. ix. 55) : exchange. Southern dialect.
Scryne (I. Int. 2 ; II. ix. 56) : chest for keeping books. Lat. *scrinium*.
Sdeignfull (v. vi. 33) : disdainful. From, or by analogy from, Ital. *sdegno*, disdain, +full.
Seare (I. xi. 13) : ? adjective formed (by Spenser) from verb *sear*, to wither ; or a noun of similar formation, *sulphur* being the adj.?
Sell (IV. vi. 13) : saddle.
Somd (E. K. p. 22, 22) : summed, fledged. Falconer's term.
Sownd (I. xii. 5) : ? to make resound ? Or is there in Spenser's mind some suggestion of Lat. *sumere* ?
Stead (III. xii. 2) : place. O.E. *stede*. In this absolute use, somewhat archaic.
Steane (VII. vii. 42) : stone jar. O.E. *stæne*. Cf. Ger. *stein*.
Sterne (I. xi. 18) : tail. Still used of hounds.
Stockes (Oct. 282) : hose.

Stound (I) (*passim*): time. Dialectal and archaic.

(2) (Oct. 49; iv. vi. 37): pang, short pain. Chiefly Northern, and used very vaguely.

(3) (iv. vi. 12): swoon. O.E. *stund*.

Stoures (Hymne, 73; vii. vii. 28): troubles.

Stye (I. xi. 25): ascend, mount up. O.E. *stizan*.

Surquedrye (v. ii. 30): arrogance. O.Fr. *surcuidrie*; common in M.E.

Sythe (C. C. 23): time. O.E. *sið*.

Tead (Ep. 27; I. xii. 37): torch. Lat. *taeda*.

Tenor (Oct. 50; Ep. 9): character, quality. O.Fr. and Mod.Eng. *tenor* of a document.

Thewed (Hymne, 136): endowed (with qualities). Perhaps from O.E. *þéaw*, habit. (Or, perhaps, from Chaucerian *thee*, O.E. *þéon*, to grow, thrive?)

Tho (*passim*): then.

Thrillant (I. xi. 20): penetrating. *Thrilling* (O.E. *þyrlian*), with archaic Northern participial termination *-ant*.

Tickle (vii. viii. 1): insecure. M.E. *tykel*: cf. Northern, *kittle*, *uncertain*.

To-fore (vii. vii. 30): before, formerly.

Tort (I. xii. 4): injury, wrong. Fr. *tort*. Legal.

Towre (Ep. 68): to ascend, rise aloft. (?)

Trac'd and traversed (iv. vi. 18): a literary formula for the actions of fighting, probably from Malory. Meaning uncertain; perhaps, to follow up the adversary as he retires, and to step sidewise.

Troad (vi. x. 5): track. O.E. *trod*.

Vade (v. ii. 40): to fade. Southern form, or by contamination with Lat. *vadere*, to go.

Ventayle (iv. vi. 19): lower movable part of a helmet, later used for all the hinged parts which covered the face. O.Fr. a breathing-place: or, a fan (from its action on the hinges).

Whyleare (iv. vi. 36; vii. viii. 1): a while before, a little time ago.

Wimpled (I. i. 4): arranged in folds like a wimple. Spenserian.

Wonne (iv. vi. 5): dwell. O.E. *wunian*.

Wroken (v. ii. 47): *Yroke* (iv. vi. 23): M.E. past tense from *wreak*.

Ydrad (I. i. 2): dreaded.

Yede (I. xi. 5): to go. Archaic past tense here used as present.

Yelded (I. xi. 37): Reduplication of *yell*.

Yode (vii. vii. 35): archaic form parallel to *yede*: O.E. *éodæ*. Spenser may have thought of it as the past tense of *yede*.

Yold (vii. vii. 30): yielded. A false formation *ad hoc*.

Ysame (vii. vii. 32): mixed together. M.E. adv. *samed*, together; probably taken to be a past part.

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